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RECOLLECTIONS.

BY M. E. S.

Methinks I see it even yet—
An old house, deep in roses set;
I smell the fragrant mignonette.

A girl among the leafy bowers,
Her small hands full of bright-hued flowers—
The rose-leaves fall in tinted showers

On the tresses, waving free
Above her brow of ivory.
Her face is very fair to see.

She warbles sweetly on her way,
Her silvery notes are clear and gay
As skylarks' joyous morning lay.

'Tis but a mem'ry—long ago
I laid her 'neath the Winter snow,
Where bending weeping-willows grow.

The old house lies in ruin gray,
Long faded are the blossoms gay,
And I am far, so far away!

AN IDLE DAY.

BY C. Y.

THE lane led to nowhere at all. There was a fenced-in field at the end, which belonged to Squire Kingston, and Kingston Hall stood about half-way down on the right-hand side as you turned into the lane from the high-road. There were no houses on the left, only an avenue of lime-trees, and beyond that, a plantation through which, by a circuitous path, the village might be reached. Another path led straight into the pine woods, for which the place was justly famous.

And midway between Kingston Hall and the field at the end of the lane was a large gabled cottage, all covered with ivy and Virginian creeper, with projecting bay windows and a roomy old porch, smothered in honeysuckle.

It stood well back from the side of the lane, the garden being enclosed by a high box hedge which, on one side, alone separated it from the grounds of Kingston Hall.

Lime Cottage had once been an appurtenance of the Hall; but it now belonged to a former agent of the estate, a lawyer named Morel, who lived there with his grand-daughter—an old housekeeper and one other servant comprising the small household.

One sultry evening towards the close of August, when the scent of new-mown hay came wafted across from the field, and there were still some roses left in the garden, Mr. Morel was sitting on a bench, just outside the porch, smoking his favorite long pipe. There was a puzzled expression on his kind, rugged face as he stared fixedly at a plot of grass, close to the hedge on his left.

Presently he laid aside his pipe, and taking up a stout walking stick pointed it towards the hedge and began counting.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—only seven! I'd swear there were eight a minute ago, and there were nine to start with; there ought to be nine."

He began again.

"One, two, three, four, five, six—only six now. Bless my soul!"

He took the silk handkerchief from over his knees, and carefully wiped his eyes. Then he began again. This time he only got as far as five, and he swore quietly but emphatically.

"Well," he muttered, mopping his forehead, "if this doesn't beat everything! I've heard of folks seeing double, but not——"

A pair of soft hands were laid on his eyes and a gay young voice cried—

"Why, grandfather, who are you grumbling at?"

"Phebe, my dear, just look at that grass-plot yonder."

The girl shaded her eyes with her hand and stared in the direction indicated. Then she gave a little cry.

"Oh, those chickens! If they haven't escaped again! I'll soon catch them," she added, speaking close to his ear.

The old man chuckled. "Unless you're sharp there won't be any to catch," he called after her as she ran down the garden path. "They are disappearing as fast as they can."

"Of course they are disappearing," she laughed back; "they are going through the gap in the hedge."

"Gap in the hedge! Why wasn't it seen to?"

Mr. Morel raised himself with difficulty, and leaning heavily on his stick, hobbled after his grand-daughter.

By the time the latter reached the plot of grass, there were only two chickens left, and these she promptly captured and shut up in an out-house. Then she got on to a wheelbarrow and peered over the hedge in order to ascertain the whereabouts of the remaining seven.

A head immediately popped up on the other side, and she was confronted at very close quarters by the dark, determined face of a remarkably handsome man.

"How dare you!" she said frowning.

"How dare you!" he returned frowning likewise. "I'll have you up for trespassing."

"Trespassing! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. These are my grounds, and your head and shoulders are protruding into them."

Phebe drew back, coloring hotly.

"I think you are a very rude man," she said, and stopped in blank amazement, for without a word he fell flat down on his back and remained perfectly motionless; and at the same moment her grandfather, who had been poking his stick backwards and forwards through the hedge, called out:

"I've caught one of them, Phebe; I've caught—— well, of all the slippery customers!" he broke off, staring stupidly at the hooked handle of the stick as he drew it cautiously towards him.

"Oh!" Phebe cried, jumping off her barrow and regarding her grandfather with dismay. "I believe it was a man you caught, or else he's in a fit; I must go round and see."

"Yes, my dear, run round and see; but I don't think they've got into a pit. I don't think there is a pit anywhere in the grounds," soliloquised the deaf old gentleman, as, after marking where the hedge required mending, he returned to his bench and proceeded to fill his pipe.

Meanwhile Phebe had pushed open the iron gate which so closely adjoined the small wooden one of Lime Cottage, and running swiftly along the moss-grown path knelt down by the prostrate man. She asked him timidly if he were hurt, but receiving no reply touched his forehead, under the heavy waves of dark hair, and thought it felt cold and clammy; this, however, was pure imagination.

Phebe was about to shout for help, when she fancied she detected a slight twitching at the corners of the mouth. If, after all, he were only pretending! But no; why should he?

She laid her hand over the region where she might reasonably expect his heart to be, only that if this were Squire Kingston, as she thought, people said he had no heart. And then—Phebe was almost startled out of her senses—the man suddenly sprang up, and seizing her hands, held her a prisoner.

"Oh, let me go! Please let me go!" she cried, struggling wildly to release herself; but Squire Kingston (for he it was) only tightened his grasp.

"No, no!" he said, staring at her with a half-amused, half-cynical smile. "I am not going to let you escape. You came to me of your own free will, and I mean to keep you until you have made me a promise."

"I will promise anything," thi girl said desperately.

"Very well. I suppose you are aware that I could have Mr. Morel arrested for—shall we say for common assault.

"Indeed, indeed he did not mean to hurt you. He," laughing nervously as she glanced at the tall, broad-shouldered man beside her, "he thought you were a chicken!"

"Then let him continue to think so," returned the squire gravely. "The moment you undeceived him, he must be prepared to take the consequences of knocking me down in my own garden."

"You mean," said Phebe, opening wide eyes of astonishment, "that I am to tell my grandfather you are a chicken."

"I mean that you are not to tell him anything. You are not to mention having seen me at all. Do you understand?"

"Yes, oh, yes! Now let me go—please," she implored.

"Promise me," he said, in a tone of command.

"Yes, I promise," Phebe rejoined very earnestly; and the strong arm being at once removed she sprang to her feet and went flying down the path.

But before she reached the gate, Squire Kingston overtook her.

"Not so fast if you please, young lady," he said, laying a detaining hand on her arm; "I want you to make me another promise."

"Oh, no, no! I can't; I can't make any more promises! Oh, please let me go'" There were tears in Phebe's eyes now.

"What's your name?" inquired her tormentor, planting his back against the gate and gazing steadily into the pretty, tragic young face.

"Phebe Little."

"Very well, then, Phebe Little—or shall we say Little Phebe, for choice? Tell me, have you a sweetheart? Perhaps you are even engaged to be married."

Phebe's face turned crimson; no one had ever so spoken to her; tears welled up to her eyes.

"You have no right to talk to me like that," she dried. "It's only the servants who talk about sweethearts and all that. I never even wished to be engaged."

"Then all I can say is that the young men of the neighborhood must be blind. This must be a very benighted place. I shall have to set it a better example."

"I must go back to grandfather," was all Phebe replied. She could not in the least understand this strange man, who spoke to her as no one had ever spoken before; and she suddenly came to the conclusion that he must be laughing at her.

"Very well, little Phebe, then I will say good night," said this perplexing squire, his fingers closing firmly for a moment over hers. "By-the-bye," he added carelessly, as he opened the gate an inch, "I have something particular to say to you, but as you don't wish to be detained this even it must wait until to-morrow. Meet me at three o'clock in the plantation at the entrance of the wood."

"Oh, I can't, I can't indeed! Grandfather would not let me."

"Mr. Morel will know nothing about it," he declared coolly. "What! are you forgetting your promise already?" Phebe remained speechless.

"Then—I shall expect you at three!" without further waiting for an answer, Squire Kingston lifted his hat and sauntered slowly back up the garden path.

"Well!" he mused, thoughtfully pulling his long moustache, "What a face! Who would have thought of coming across beauty so rare in this dull hole. I might do worse than remain here for a couple of weeks and amuse myself with the charming Phyllis. Why should I not rouse that slumbering heart, and so attune the strings that they should respond and vibrate to every touch of mine? Why not? I've an idle day."

He caught sight, in the gathering dusk of some small moving objects. "'We are seven,'" he murmured softly, "seven dissipated little chickens who deserve beating," and so saying, he bundled them all unceremoniously through the gap in the hedge. Then he looked about for something with which to fill in the aperture, but seeing nothing, removed his Panama had, and used it as a plug.

He took out his cigar-case.

"There would be the deuce and all to pay if old lawyer Morel knew I was here; but she won't tell. The girl is as true as steel; I read it in her eyes. And what eyes! Let me see, what do they remind me of? Wood violets, with the dew upon them—yes, that's it! And I declare those full pouting lips were formed for kissing.

"No lover in the way. Basil, old fellow, you're in luck. The house party at Moorlands can offer you nothing so seductive in the way of womankind as this charming discovery. 'Little Phebe,' poor frightened bird, I am going to clip your wings; your days of freedom are numbered."

With which last observation Basil Kingston, Captain 7th Dragoon Guards, tossed away the end of his cigar, and entered his ancestral hall, trolling out a song.

And the next morning he dispatched the following telegram to a friend in the city.

"Sorry, not able to join your party. Detained here on business. Hope to see you at Portsmouth before expiration of leave."

* * * * * * *

"Grandfather," Phebe said, as the two sat at breakfast, "why do people call Squire Kingston heartless and bad?"

The delicate bloom deepened on the girl's cheeks as she put the question, and she kept her eyes fixed on her plate.

"Because he is heartless and bad," Mr. Morel replied, bringing his hand down on the table emphatically. "What would you call a man who runs away with other men's wives, and leads an idle dissipated life?"

"But Squire Kingston is a soldier, so he can't be very idle," Phebe rejoined, ignoring the main count against him.

"Bless my soul! What do you know about it? I tell you the man is a reprobate just as his father was before him; it's in the blood."

"But he is brave," the girl persisted. "He must be brave or he couldn't be a soldier."

The lawyer laid down his knife and fork and stared at her curiously.

"Now what in the world," he asked slowly, "has put Squire Kingston into your mind?"

"I—I dont know. I suppose," said Phebe, miserable at the deception she was called up for the first time to practice, "it was being in his grounds last night; such beautiful grounds, grandfather."

"A perfect wilderness! A tangle of grass and weeds! If the Squire looked after his property a bit instead——but it's better as it is, better as it is," he broke off, still staring hard at Phebe. "We don't want any of his sort prowling

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"It isn't ... dreadful for that man, Phebe; he broke your mother's heart."

"My—mother's!" Phebe gasped.

"Yes, your mother's. I've never told you the story, but if you like, I'll tell it now. It can do no harm, and it may be a warning to you."

Phebe said, "Please, grandfather," and shivered involuntarily as she took a low seat by his side, leaning her bright head against his knee.

"You are a pretty girl, Phebe, a very pretty girl," Mr. Morel began; "but you are not so pretty as your mother was at your age. She was just the fairest flower that ever bloomed, and as happy as the day was long, till Squire Kingston—the present Squire's father—cast his covetous eyes upon her.

"He came down here with a large party for the shooting, twenty years ago this very month. The hall was filled from basement to attic, and there were gay doings; dances and dinners and frolic of all sorts.

"The place was like a fair; and though I was blind as a bat at the time, suspecting nothing wrong, I learnt afterwards that the Squire used to steal away from his guests and meet my Mary down by Church-end farm; we lived at the other side of the village then, in the big house over the offices.

"He fairly bewitched the girl with his grand airs and good looks and bold wooing, and he a married man—the villain! He left no stone unturned to win her from her rightful lover, Tom Little, who was the rector's eldest son, and himself training for the ministry.

"He worshipped the very ground she trod on. He was wide-awake, too, was Tom; and in the end he saved his sweetheart—saved her from that base bad man. The Squire had got her consent to go with him to the city, he pretending that his present marriage was not legal, and that he could leave his wife whenever he pleased; and Mary was so innocent she believed him, and agreed to meet him at the cross roads on a certain night, when a carriage would be in waiting to convey them to Southampton.

"But Tom, ever on the alert, got wind of the affair, and when Squire Kingston lifted my poor girl half-fainting into the carriage, he was on the box beside the coachman and whipping up the horses he drove her straight home."

The old lawyer paused, smiling grimly, and Phebe, who had been listening with bated breath, heaved a little sigh of relief.

"The night was dark as pitch and the Squire knew no more than Adam where he was being taken; no doubt supposing when the carriage stopped, that they had reached the terminus whence they were to take train for town.

"I should like to have seen his face when Tom opened the door and seizing Mary in his arms disappeared with her in the darkness; while the coachman, deaf to the Squire's furious shouts to him to stop, started back immediately the road they had come, depositing his fare ultimately in the livery stables of an adjoining town.

"And the first I knew of what had happened, was being awakened by the rattling of stones against my bedroom window, and Tom's voice calling softly, 'Hush! for the love of heaven, and don't rouse the house, but creep down quietly and let us in.'

"You may think I was staggered, but I trusted Tom and just did what he told me; and the moment the door was opened, Mary slipped past me like a ghost, and, running upstairs, shut herself into her own room.

"Then Tom told me all, and his last words to me that night, were: 'Mind, not a word to Mary! She has promised to marry me in a month, and I shall know how to guard my own.' Well, it was nigh on three months before the marriage took place, for Mary caught a cold that night which fastened on her chest, and she was confined to her bed for many weeks with the doctor attending.

"She was never the same afterwards. In spite of all Tom's love and care she drooped and faded, and when you were barely a month old she died. Decline, the doctor called it, and maybe it was; maybe it was; her mother died of consumption and Mary was never very strong.

"But to my mind she died of a broken heart; it was plain to be read in her beautiful, sad face, though she never complained and was just as sweet and patient as she could be. Poor, pretty Mary," Mr. Morel concluded, brushing his hand across his eyes.

Phebe was crying quietly, but she managed to articulate, "My father?"

"Ah, he was terribly cut up, poor fellow; and when you were a little toddling mite of three, he died of a fever which was raging in this district town by the river yonder. I retired from active business then, having a fair competency, and moved here with you and the faithful soul who has been like a mother to you.

"Why, Phebe, crying? Oh, hush, my dear; you will make me sorry I told you your mother's story. There"—pushing back the curling masses of her gold-brown hair with his thin tender hand. "It was the will of Providence, just the will of Providence, Phebe, and we must not murmur. The Squire? Killed in a duel; he got his just deserts," the old lawyer answered shortly.

"And Mrs. Kingston?" Phebe asked tremulously.

"She was a Spanish lady, very proud and handsome. I used to see her driving through the lanes with her boy by her side; a splendid little chap he was then, and doffed his cap with quite an air to the villagers, who would cheer the 'young squire' as he was called.

"Mrs. Kingston did not look happy, and I heard that long before her husband's death she left him and went back to her own country taking the child with her. He was brought up in Spain was the present squire, and inherits a deal of property there, besides what he has in this country. He's as rich as he's bad," finished the lawyer laconically, as he rose and declared that he "must go and have a look round, and see about repairing that fence."

* * * * * *

There is nothing more curious than the ingenuity with which a woman will find excuses for a man whose sins are sins against her own sex, and about whose delinquencies there hangs a mysterious halo of romance.

As Phebe went about her household duties that morning, she found a hundred excuses for Basil Kingston, not one of which even that sad rake himself would have deemed plausible.

His early training and associations, a wild, dissolute father; a proud, passionate mother; a Spanish nurse who indulged his every caprice; and then, later, the many temptations to which he was exposed by reason of his great wealth and strikingly handsome appearance.

His face, in its dark romantic beauty, reminded Phebe of those knights in armor who had looked down at her from their frames in the oak dining-room at the Hall, when, as a child, she had been taken there by her nurse. It was the proud face of one accustomed to command and be obeyed. He had commanded her—Phebe Little! Should she obey? Should she meet him in the plantation that afternoon?

This was the question she kept asking herself all through dinner, as she sat opposite her grandfather; but even while she knew instinctively what his answer would be, she seemed to feel the power of a pair of dark compelling eyes, to hear a peremptory voice saying, "I shall expect you!" and the remembrance filled her with a strange excitement and unrest.

Presently her grandfather noticed that she was eating nothing, and asked anxiously if she was not feeling well. Phebe's pale face flushed suddenly as she murmured something about the heat; and then Mr. Morel said what, had he known the truth, he would sooner have cut out his tongue than say.

"Phebe, my dear, I think that while the weather continues so hot, it will be well for you to go to and from the village by way of the plantation. It's a bit further but it's shady and pleasant, and with so much fever about, I don't feel easy. Only for this tiresome rheumatism I would go myself."

"Very well, grandfather," she responded without looking up.

"And don't hurry yourself, my dear. I don't expect anything of importance from the office, and you know I don't often read the London papers before tea. I—why, what are you laughing at?" he broke off, laughing too, for surely nothing so contagious as Phebe's sweet girlish laughter was ever before heard.

"You can't read with your eyes shut, grandfather," she returned saucily, "and you never open them till I bring you your tea."

"You baggage! Be off with you! Don't forget to call at the post office, and mind you keep well under shelter of the trees in the plantation."

So it was settled for her; the good old man who loved her, himself urging the girl to take the first fatal step on her disastrous journey.

But Phebe's heart was light as she dressed for her walk; no premonition of danger came to her as she put on a fresh blue cambric gown and a big hat trimmed with cornflowers and marguerites. She sang softly as she walked down the garden path, pausing to gather a few carnations and fasten them into her belt. And so, with the faith of a woman in what looks good, and the fearlessness of a child in all things, Phebe went forth to meet her fate.

* * * * * * *

A month has passed since that first meeting between Captain Kingston and Phebe in the plantation—a month of mingled joy and despair to the one, of intoxicating happiness to the other.

As he stood waiting for Phebe on that brilliant August afternoon four weeks ago, Basil Kingston can recall how, at sight of the pretty girlish figure emerging from under the lime trees in the avenue, and advancing slowly towards him, he had experienced an entirely new sensation, a sudden stirring at his heart, an instant leaping into life of a feeling that had until then lain dormant.

The innocent, unsuspecting child! Her confidence in him, her utter guilelessness and unconsciousness of evil, appealed to him in a way that surprised even himself; and he resolved then and there that he would never betray her trust, that no harm should ever come to her through him.

Alas! he reckoned without the girl's tender, impressionable heart; and, not being a vain man, he failed to see that his very presence was a source of danger to Phebe.

He failed, too, at first to recognize that his own heart was not the adamantine rock he had always imagined it to be; and thus, slowly, imperceptibly, he drifted into what became the one great love of his life.

Yet nothing occurred at that second meeting that might not easily have taken place at a casual encounter between acquaintances.

Captain Kingston had gently chided Phebe for coming thorough the hot sun to "keep her appointment;" and she had replied, with a pretty little air of dignity, that she was on her way to the village—she went every afternoon (oh, fatal admission!) "on business for grandfather."

Upon his remarking that that was a roundabout way to the village, Phebe admitted that it was, but said her grandfather wished her to come that way because it was cooler than the high road. Then she observed with engaging frankness that she wanted to hear what he had to say that was "so particular."

Captain Kingston laughed and turned the matter aside, but he walked with her to the entrance of the village and waited for her return; and he had not been able to resist the temptation of meeting her the following afternoon, and the next, and the next. So the mischief began.

After the heat and glare of a fashionable season, with its ceaseless whirl of gaiety, its treadmill of fashionable existence, Phebe's fresh, unspoiled nature acted upon his jaded senses as a sort of tonic—purifying, invigorating.

He drank deep draughts of the healthful beverage, and ever thirsted for more, till hardly a day passed that he did not meet his "pretty elf" in the deep recesses of her own native woods. He never asked himself how it was all to end; the present moment sufficed, and he did not look beyond.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT.]

Was She an Heiress?

BY T. E.

SHE was known as Aunt Lucinda by all Boynton, because that is what Laura Williams called her, and Boynton liked to do what Laura Williams did.

When Aunt Lucinda and Laura had bought Squire Branch's house, and come to live in Boynton, the general verdict had been that Aunt Lucinda's niece was an uncommonly pretty girl.

A few weeks of acquaintance had settled the fact that she was, moreover, a remarkably nice girl; and Boynton had never had occasion to alter its decision.

What, alas! had been a powerful consideration with a certain portion of the town was the well-grounded belief that Laura was Aunt Lucinda's heiress. There was no proof of it, since nobody had mustered the courage to ask them; but it was a self-evident fact.

She was, confessedly, Aunt Lucinda's sole living relative. What was more likely, more a matter of course, than that the fine old house and the rich furnishings with which Aunt Lucinda had embellished it, and the solid fortune which the proceeding bespoke, should, upon Aunt Lucinda's demise, become the property of her niece? Nobody doubted it.

Of course, the bright and pretty heiress to a delightfully mysterious fortune had plenty of ardent admirers. Just which of them were admirers of the fortune and which adorers of sweet Laura Williams herself was an ever fresh subject of speculation and conjecture in Boynton. Truth to tell, it was a puzzle to Laura herself.

Nobody would have believed that she was greatly concerned about that or anything else, however, who had seen her on a certain winter's evening when all the youth of the town had swarmed to Aunt Lucinda's to a party.

The heiress' entertainments were frequent and always lively, and nobody who was invited ever had a previous engagement.

Aunt Lucinda, in a shining black satin and a white lace cap—and a very impressive figure she was, being a handsome old lady—roamed about from room to room, smiling on this one, conversing with that, and patting a third on the head or shoulder.

She was a very cordial old person, and very popular in Boynton, being second in the hearts of Boyntonians only to her niece.

Laura was in her element. She wore red dress, with profuse colored bows, which shimmered and sparkled as she flitted up and down, and in and out like a moving flame.

Her costumes were a perpetual wonder to Boynton girls, and indeed they would have excited admiration anywhere, as would also her pink and white complexion, her long-lashed eyes and her fresh lips.

Laura Williams stood by a thick evergreen tree, with Harrison Belding at her side. He was tall, good-looking and altogether quite distingue, so Boynton thought.

He was Colonel Belding's son, and prospective heir to a property of no mean proportions. Boynton girls admired and coveted him, but he had hardly looked at one of them since Laura Williams had come to town.

"Charming night, Miss Williams," he said.

"Yes, delightful," Laura assented, lifting her bright eyes to the starry sky. "Wasn't I lucky?"

"You're always lucky," Harrison rejoined, bending his own fine orbs down upon her. "I wish I was," he added, enigmatically.

"Why, aren't you, Mr. Belding?" said Laura, in a pretty concern.

"I don't know!" Harrison burst forth boldly. "It's for you to decide."

"Why, what can you mean?" Laura murmured.

"Well, I mean this," Harrison rejoined, determinedly, "that I shall consider whatever luck I've had so far in life as nothing—worse than nothing—if, to crown it, I can't have you. Miss Williams—Laura—you must have known this. Come, give me one word of hope. I can't live without it!"

He came closer to her, with a frantic but unsuccessful effort to take her hand.

Laura moved back gently, with a timid, upward glance.

"Oh, Mr. Belding——" she began, deprecatingly.

"Don't say no—don't Miss Williams—Laura!" Harrison implored.

"But I can't say yes," said Laura, softly. "I don't know, Mr. Belding, whether I—care for you or not."

"But you don't know that you don't," cried her lover.

"N-no," Laura admitted, with her eyes cast downward.

"Then I can hope," cried Harrison, triumphantly, "and I'm confident, Miss Williams—Laura—that you'll decide favorably. Nobody loves you so deeply; nobody could make you happier. I may hope of a speedy answer, may I not? I may call for it soon?"

"Yes," Laura responded, sweetly.

He did look very handsome standing there, tall and manly, under the stars.

Laura bestowed a faint smile upon him as she slipped timorously away.

Eben Lake stood leaning against the fence. He interposed himself in Laura's path, with a calm, smile of proprietorship, and Laura stopped, not unwillingly.

Eben Lake was, in a sense, the pride of Boynton. He had been uncommonly bright at school, and an admiring uncle had sent him to a law school, whence he had emerged with high honors,

Now he had a lucrative practice in the largest town in the county, and was known among his fellow-practitioners as a sharp fellow; and he was not yet twenty-five. Boynton was justly proud of him.

"Stop her, Miss Williams!" he commanded. "I haven't seen anything of you all the evening."

"Oh, Mr. Lake, I danced a quadrille with you!" said Laura, reprovingly.

"Oh, I don't count that!" Eben declared, "To tell the truth, Miss Williams, I don't count anything, unless—unless it has a meaning, and you understand it so. There! do you understand that?"

"I don't know," said Laura, somewhat unsteadily.

Another! What was she to do?

"Well, I'll explain," Eben proceeded, with professional calmness. "I mean, Miss Williams, that I want you to marry me. I have had this in mind for some time—in fact, since I first saw you; and it has lately occurred to me to settle matters. I don't need to tell you of my esteem for you—of my love; you must be aware of that. May I not hope that you return it?"

Laura, glancing up at him from beneath the pink scarf on her soft hair, felt a thrill of admiration for his strength and his cleverness. She hesitated, prettily.

"If you want time to consider it," said Eben, reassuringly, "you shall have it. I know this may seem sudden to you, but my feelings would not endure a longer repression. I shall return to the city in three days. You will give me my answer before I go, will you not? You will never meet with one more devoted to your best happiness, Miss Williams!"

"I appreciate the honor you do me," Laura murmured; "but I will take the three days, please, to think it over."

Eben waved a courteous hand.

"In three days I confidently expect to be engaged to the prettiest girl in the county!"

He smiled, tenderly and triumphantly, as Laura fluttered past him, her color heightened, and her lips parted tremulously.

John Wells was standing in the middle of the bare, snow-piled flower bed, in solitary state. Laura paused at its edge.

"You look like Patience on a monument," she declared, with a half-hysterical laugh.

The excitement of the past hour had somewhat unnerved her.

"I don't feel unlike it," said John, joining her with a long stride.

"Why?" Laura demanded, calming down under the friendly glance of John's pleasant gray eyes.

"Well," said John slowly, "when I have to stand still and see you talking to Belding or Lake—anybody else, for that matter—patience is all that keeps me—well, sane!"

He laughed apologetically as he said it; and he said no more.

Laura found herself wondering if he ever would say any more. Not that she wanted him. Two proposals in an evening, and those unanswered, were quite enough.

But John had said things of the same kind before, and always stopped short at the most incomplete point.

Not that John Wells flirted. No; Laura knew better than that. But he was a clerk in a warehouse, and the sole support of his mother and two younger sisters; and Laura was an heiress!

No! silence had been John's role hitherto, and he had told himself, sternly, that so far as Laura Williams was concerned it would continue to be.

* * * * * * *

Three days afterwards, Boynton was shocked, and sympathetically grieved by the news of Aunt Lucinda's very sudden death.

Shocked and grieved, but—alas, for human nature!—for beyond these emotions in depth and intensity was the astonishment and horror which greeted a second and complementary piece of intelligence.

Aunt Lucinda had not possessed a fortune, and, as a natural consequence, Laura Williams was not an heiress!

The report was well founded. Laura herself had told Judge Campbell so with her own lips, when he had called to assist in the funeral arrangements, and had put a delicately framed inquiry on the subject.

Aunt Lucinda had had no money! That was the news which set all Boynton agog. Where had the fine house and the finer furnishings come from? What had they lived on? What would Laura do now? Boynton well-nigh lost its reason in the discussion of these sphinx-like riddles.

Laura Williams sat in the richly-furnished drawing room late on that exciting day. Her sweet face, sad and subdued, was sweeter than ever in its black ruchings. Possibly Harrison Belding, who stood before her, thought so. If he did, however, he gave no sign of it.

"I was dreadfully shocked to hear of your aunt's death, Miss Williams," he was saying, in properly modulated tones. "Accept my heartfelt condolence."

"She was all I had," said Laura, gently. "I don't know how I shall get on without her—dear Aunt Lucinda!"

Harrison cleared his throat nervously.

"I—you will excuse me, Miss Williams, if I intrude upon your grief with an apparently inappropriate matter, but—pray excuse me—but is the report that your Aunt Lucinda was penniless a correct one?"

"Aunt Lucinda?" Laura repeated. "Oh, yes, quite correct, Mr. Belding! Aunt Lucinda had nothing."

Harrison paled, reddened, and moved uneasily from one foot to the other and back again.

"I hardly know how to put it, Miss Williams," he stammered; "but this—ah—intelligence naturally affects my plans as regards yourself. Naturally, Miss Williams, naturally, you must admit——"

Laura rose.

"You mean, Mr. Belding," she said, pleasantly, "that you wish to withdraw the proposal with which you honored me the other evening?"

"I—I—well, but you must see, Miss Williams," Harrison faltered, with his eyes on the floor, "that a fellow—that a man——"

"I see, certainly, Mr. Belding," said Laura, quite collectedly. "I am glad to be able to release you. Be assured I do it freely."

Mr. Belding, passing down the front steps, met Eben Lake coming up. He carried a black bag, and a cane and umbrella strapped together, and he bowed before Laura, in the parlor, in a hurried way.

"I am on my way to the station, Miss Williams," he informed her; "but I wished to assure you of my deep sympathy in your bereavement."

"Thank you!" said Laura, raising her candid eyes to his.

But Eben avoided them.

"Forgive me for mentioning such a thing at such a time, Miss Williams," he continued, hastily, "but as this is my only chance—is it true that your Aunt Lucinda was not possessed of the fortune she was generally believed to have?"

"Perfectly true," Laura rejoined, in mild tones.

Eben took out his watch.

"I have not a moment to spare, Miss Williams," he said. "You must overlook my abruptness; but I am forced to tell you that the matter I mentioned to you, the other even, is—or—at least, that I no longer desire to proceed in it, if you will consent to my withdrawal. I am exceedingly sorry at being obliged to say this, you know, but——"

He was already half way to the door. Laura followed him with calm eyes.

"Certainly, Mr. Lake," she said, quite cordially; and the door closed behind him.

Five minutes later the housemaid wonderingly admitted a third gentleman.

"I couldn't stay away any longer," said John Wells, standing close to Laura, with both her hands in his. "I am so sorry for you, dear! May I call you that? Will you let me take care of you now as well as I can? I can't be sorry Aunt Lucinda was poor, because if she hadn't been—well, you know how it was, didn't you? Perhaps it was foolish in me—false pride—but I couldn't help it. If I had known, though, that you did not care for me, I'd have risked it in spite of your thousands."

For there was no longer a doubt in his bounding heart; the tenderness in her soft eyes settled that. Still, there was an expression in them which he did not understand. He started back suddenly.

"Have I made a mistake?" he said, in confusion. "Has everybody made a mistake? Was Aunt Lucinda rich—and you're an heiress after all?"

"No, no!" cried Laura, following him as he retreated, with both hands round his arm. "No, she hadn't a farthing; but I've never let her feel it. I've taken care of her for a long time, and gladly. The money's mine, don't you see? I've been an heiress for years. And I don't think much of Boynton for not knowing it."

"But——" said her lover, slowly.

"But what? But nothing!" cried Laura, tenderly. "You've asked me to marry you, and I'm going to do it, and I shan't let you off. I think it's you I've liked all the time, dear!"

Everybody in Boynton knew the facts of the case within twenty-four hours. However it leaked out concerning Harrison Belding and Eben Lake was a mystery! But those enterprising young men did not hear the last of the subject for a long and heartrendering time.

SOME LITTLE WEAKNESSES.

Is there such a being as a perfect man? Probably not. Every son of Adam seems to have his weak point somewhere. Very often, of course, it is palpable at a glance, or, if of a mental nature, reveals itself during a five minutes' conversation; but in thousands of instances it is not immediately obvious, while in others it may not be discovered at all.

Many a man's little defects are peculiar in themselves, as well as in their consequences. There is a certain gentleman who has the greatest difficulty in finding his way about a town where he has lived all his life.

If he is going to a street only about half a mile from his home, and determines to walk for the sake of exercise, he requires elaborate directions before he starts.

At the outset all is plain sailing. After he has gone only a few hundred yards, however, he suddenly stops dead, and looks about him in a state of comical bewilderment.

Having inquired his way, he proceeds a little farther, only to pull up again and take his bearings. The result is never satisfactory; for he invariably hails the first gutter urchin he comes across, and engages the youth to pilot him the remainder of the journey.

All the street arabs know the strange old gentleman, who is perfectly sound and healthy except as regards what phrenologists call the "organ of locality."

Numbers of people lack the sense of smell. While some of these can tell a strong, sweet odor from its opposite, there are others who cannot distinguish, by the nose alone, liquin ammonia from water. This affliction, of course, has its compensations; but none the less has it its dangers also.

Two or three years ago, for instance, a man went into his shop late at night. The place was in darkness; so he tried to light a match.

At the first attempt he failed. It was well for him that he did so; for, just as he was going to apply the lucifer to the box again, his wife, who had followed him, shouted from the doorway:

"Don't strike it! She shop's full of gas!"

So, in fact, it was. The closing of the outer door had blown out one of the jets, and the tap had not been turned off. Yet the smell of the gas, overpowering as it was, did not offend the shopkeeper's olfactory organs, or, indeed, make any impression on them. If the match had lighted before the man's spouse had come to the doorway, an explosion would undoubtedly have taken place.

In case of fire, again, anybody with no sense of smell may be seriously handicapped. Only last summer a suburban resident thus afflicted, whose wife and children were at the seaside, narrowly escaped being burnt to death.

A fire originated in the kitchen of the house, owing, it is conjectured, to his throwing a match down carelessly when he was retiring for the night, and, had he had a moderately keen nose, it would in all probability not have spread beyond these. As it was, the room was full of dense smoke before he was aroused, and nearly everything in the place was destroyed.

There are those, again, who cannot express the emotions. A tailor's cutter, who by the necessity of his life's occupation is often in a heated, impure atmosphere, and, as a natural consequence, constantly wants to yawn, dare not do so, because his jaw is very easily dislocated.

In much the same plight is a man who cannot laugh. He is not by any means a mirthless man. On the contrary, he has a very keen sense of humor. But he can only give expression to his amusement at the expense of acute pain in the chest, and he is obliged, therefore, to keep his risible faculties under the strictest control.

A too tender nature, however, is always a serious drawback, and sometimes a positive curse. At least one gentleman's life is rendered wretched by such a weakness.

A paragraph in a newspaper, a glimpse of wretchedness in the street, solemn music, the most commonplace of sermons, the most hackneyed of melodramatic sentiments—these and other things cause him to weep profusely.

For years he has struggled against his tendency to drop into tears on the smallest provocation, but the most trifling thing will melt him instantly.

Bric-a-Brac.

TAUGHT TO STAB.—Among the wilder tribes of the Caucasus every child is taught to use the dagger almost as soon as he can walk. The children first learn to stab water without making a splash, and by incessant practice acquire an extraordinary command over the weapon.

THE BACHELOR.—The term "bachelor" is from the Latin meaning "one crowned with laurel." In the French it becomes "a young squire, not made a knight." Its first English meaning was "a young unmarried man." In old times the student-undergraduate was forbidden by the law of the universities to marry, on pain of expulsion. Violation of this law by William Lee resulted in his invention of the stocking loom.

FOR THE CATS.—In the time of Hoel, the good king of Wales, who died in the year 948, laws were made to protect the cat, as it was of great importance on account of its scarcity. The forfeit for stealing or killing a cat that guarded the king's granary was a sheep, or as much wheat as, when poured over the cat, suspended by the tail, its head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the former. Great care was taken at this time to improve the breed of these prolific creatures.

FOOTMAN.—The word "footman" now in use no doubt perpetuates the purpose for which such a servant was originally engaged—namely, to run alongside his master's carriage. It is not, however, that he was engaged to do much running, nor was it that his master desired to make any great show, one of his usual tasks in the very old days being to attend the carriage, to aid in keeping it right side uppermost—a position which was sometimes reversed, owing to the ruts and hollows with which even the best kept roads abounded.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE FORK.—The year 1893 was the nine-hundredth anniversary of the first appearance of the fork in Western Europe. In 993 a son of the Venetian Doge Pietro Orseolo married the Byzantine Princess Argila, who, at the wedding breakfast, brought out a silver fork and gold spoon. She was copied by the great Venetian families, though the church opposed the fashion as an insult to Providence. It took three hundred and sixty years for the fork to reach Florence. In 1379 it was found in France; but it was not until 1607 that the traveler Coryate brought it direct from Venice to England.

THE MOORISH MARRIAGE.—In Morocco a marriage is preceded by a seven days' feast, accompanied with almost incessant music. And the bride certainly cannot lead a happy life. On one of the nights she may not go to rest, but has to lie on the floor, wrapped up in a blanket, while the guests "keep it up," talking, joking, and laughing, and do not go home till morning. But the actual wedding day is quite as tedious and tiresome to a sensitive woman. She is "on view," as it were, and is compelled by custom to sit on a bed with her eyes shut for some hours at a time, while all her neighbors and acquaintances from far and near, come to have a good stare at her finery, to express their good wishes, and to make a small wedding present.

TUNIS RESOURCES.—African honey-birds, though wild, watch for opportunities to accompany the natives when they go to hunt for honey. This bird flies in advance, attracting the hunters to the place where the bees' nest is. The bird always gets a part of the honey thus obtained, and its understanding of the nature of the implied contract seems to be perfect. There are "weaver birds" that build extensive platforms, under which their nests are protected from the rain; and "tailor birds," that enclose their nests in big leaves, which they stitch together with plant fibres, as one would sew pieces of cloth. Some kinds of birds build their nests over water, so that no enemy can get at them. The Baltimore oriole seeks safety by hanging its nest from the end of a limb. In southwest certain humming b[illegible] their nests inside the th[illegible] the common yucca or S[illegible] affords similar protecti[illegible] shrike. The shrike's n[illegible] the midst of the proje[illegible] it cannot be reached.

THE WATCHMAN.

BY W. T. S.

Watchman, awake! the night is coming on—
Awake! and tell the dreary hours till day;
Send thy shrill echo down the empty streets
To chase the prowling fiends of night away.

All honest folk in hard-earned slumber lie—
Slumber not thou upon thy lonely beat;
Keep watch and ward within the city walls,
Till, on the hills, the night and morning meet.

Fierce was the storm! the faithful sentinel—
A frozen corpse upon the ramparts, he!
But still men hear the Watchman's warning cry
Sounding from out the far Eternity.

In Smiling Eyes.

BY C. E. W.

THE invitation lay before me; the door had just closed upon my sisters, who had brought it to me, curious to see how I should take such an unwonted mark of civility. Before them I had received it very coolly, but now I raised the letter and read it.

Yes; as Petrella and Agnes had informed me, I was specially invited to this ball, and, moreover, the words were cordial and kind, just what might be expected of Lady Moreton, who had written them.

I sat with her letter before me, musing. Why had she invited me, and why should I break through my self-established rule and go? It seemed strange to me that I could not, as was my custom in other cases, decline the invitation and dismiss the whole affair instantly from my mind; but something urged me to yield to the present kindly request.

Then I remembered my fate at the last ball at which I had been—how at first I had sat in a corner trying to shield myself behind others—for I was very sensitive, and I was afraid that my plainness would excite remark or ridicule—and how at last I found I might make my mind easy, for nobody noticed me. How bitterly I had contrasted my lonely and unnoticed condition with the homage accorded to the bright-faced beautiful girls around me!

I recalled all this now as I sat with Lady Moreton's invitation before me—remembered that I had then bitterly determined that I would never be seen at another ball; and yet—— Why was it I wanted to go, to endure all the old tortures again?

I rose and stood before the mirror. It reflected a tall, slight, ungraceful form, with masses of raven-black hair. The mirror showed me also an oval, thin, sallow face, destitute of color. Oh that Petrella and Agnes could give me a touch of their roses.

I dropped down into my chair, with the bitter conviction that after all I was ugly — uncompromisingly ugly — and, worse than that, I was unlovable.

That was the bitterest thought of all! Not one — father, sisters, friends—had ever loved me. I often thought that if my mother had lived matters might not have been so.

I wondered why I was thus doomed, for I remembered since the earliest dawn of reason how yearningly my heart had cried out for love. But while people petted and caressed my sisters they only looked curiously at me, and said what a strange child I was, and asked if I was like my dear mother, and, when they heard that I resembled none of my family, glanced at me again, yawned and left me. And when I reached the age of fifteen or sixteen I was in the same isolated position.

After a while a dreadful fear sprang up in my heart that I must always be so, never be satisfied. To smother the pain I determined to satisfy the second great craving of my nature, my thirst for knowledge. So I gave myself up to study; I worked hard, let nothing interrupt me, and I improved.

I am nineteen now.

But this ball—should I go? I decided that I would.

* * * * * *

Well, the ball was over. What a miserable fool I was! But I will write down all that happened.

I got over the introductory experience pretty well, and, choosing the most retired corner I could find, hid myself there. Not that I believed that anyone would notice me; my dress was too plain [illegible] attention. The old desolation returning. I began to [illegible] I accepted Lady More-

[illegible] I said. "You wanted [illegible] you, that you would be treated only in the old way? Well, I hope you have had it; and perhaps you will be satisfied in future."

As I thought thus bitterly, I raised my eyes, and saw before me a young man, slight and graceful, with a high-bred face and dark eyes.

At that moment he did not appear to be looking at anything near him—he seemed to be gazing into vacancy, and there was a listless, weary expression on his face; but I noticed how quickly this disappeared when Lady Moreton approached him. She took him away out of my sight, and I saw him no more for a while; then I observed him among the dancers, with Agnes for a partner.

How she simpered and giggled! I was indignant at her behavior, and I felt instinctively that, though he laughed with and talked to her, he was really tired of her senseless chatter, so I was not surprised when, a few moments later, I saw that he had changed his companion, and that it was the kind and sensible Lady Moreton who had linked her arm within his.

They were approaching my corner. I tried to hide myself; but Lady Moreton quickly discovered me.

"Miss Lucia, why do you hide yourself in this corner? I don't think you have danced once yet."

I instantly raised my head; I felt that my cheeks were aflame. How dared she ask me that? She knew very well why I had hidden myself.

"Miss Howard," she said, "allow me to present to you a very dear friend of mine, Count Leonardo Avarenza."

I bowed. Lady Moreton went away, and the Count sat down beside me. I tried to compose myself, to appear self-possessed. He said nothing for a few moments, then he leaned over and touched my hand.

"You are Italian; are you not? You are a countrywoman of mine?"

His voice was low and musical, and he spoke in his own language. I answered in the same tongue:—

"No; I am English."

He looked surprised; I suppose he was astonished at my answering him so promptly in his own tongue. He still sat beside me; though he did not speak, I felt that he was scrutinizing me attentively, and I grew rather angry. So I determined to break the silence. I raised my head and said:—

"They are beginning to dance. Had you not better go?"

Then, suddenly recollecting what a construction my sentence might bear, I blushed. His lips parted in a slight smile—he was laughing at me, no doubt; and, in greater confusion than ever, I lowered my head.

"Will you come?"

"No—I never dance," I replied hurriedly. "I have not danced to-night; but I do not want to detain you. Go!"

Still he lingered; and then I grew really angry.

"Go!" I repeated; and he went.

Then I began to feel ashamed of my conduct. What must he think of me? My cheeks grew hotter. I scolded myself vigorously, but that did no good; so I contented myself with vowing that, come what might, unless I changed very much, I would never attend such an assembly again. Meanwhile I looked round eagerly for the Count; but he had evidently left the ballroom, for I saw him no more that night.

* * * * *

After that I saw the Count often. Eleanor, my widowed sister, generally cold and haughty to strangers, relaxed to him, and encouraged him to visit us. A marriage with this rich man would give her that for which she had staked all and lost before—a lofty position and ample means to support it.

She may have dreamed of this; she may have thought that of all my father's daughters the Count would be most likely to choose her to be his wife. That the Count intended to marry one of my sisters everyone said, for he visited no house as often as ours.

Lady Moreton's son, Edgar Forrester, accompanied him, but he had long been set down as not a marrying man, so there was no importance attached to his frequent visits.

It was not so evident which of my sisters the Count would choose. Even I, who watched so closely, could not divine. He was courteous and deferential to them. He certainly liked Petrella best, I thought, and I am sure I was right; but their intercourse was so free and open, and she showed her pleasure in his society so readily, that I was almost certain they were only warm friends—nothing more. And, as Agnes and Eleanor were used to seeing everybody captivated by Petrella, they were not alarmed at the Count's seeking her society more than theirs.

As for me—nobody ever thought of me, and indeed the Count's manner towards me would have put any conjectures at rest. He seldom addressed me.

I often found him looking at me, as if studying me; wondering, doubtless, why I made my appearance at all, with such unassuming ways and such a plain face—wondering how I could possibly be a sister to the stately Eleanor, the captivating Petrella, the witty Agnes.

Other people wondered too, at my sudden fancy for society; but I cared not, for I saw him, my handsome Leonardo, and that was enough for me; so in sweetness and bitterness I spent my days.

One day—the last I saw him—he asked one of us to play, and Petrella sat down to the piano. She played fairly well, not with a true musical taste, but slowly and brilliantly.

As for me, I did not care for parlor selections. I loved the compositions of the great musicians, and as I looked at the Count I fancied he felt as I did, for as he turned over the leaves for Petrella, I thought that he looked somewhat bored.

I had never played for him; but now a sudden desire seized me to show him that I excelled in this point at least. I fancied I could please his fastidious taste, so I readily obeyed when Petrella, rising from the piano, caught my hands playfully, and entreated me to take her place.

I put away all Petrella's music and sat down at the piano. I know I played well. At first I trembled a little, for the Count's dark eyes were fixed intently upon me; but then, as I continued, I forgot everything—where I was, my diffidence, even my auditor, only the glorious music that my touch brought forth.

My eyes sparkled, the blood sprang to my cheek, the spirit of the old masters inspired me, when, as I raised my head, I was startled by the look I met from the Count's eyes.

It was a strange look, and I saw the long dark fingers that rested on the piano tremble. With a sudden abrupt chord I stopped.

I felt blind and dizzy; I did not hear anything of Petrella's wondering praises of my performance; I did not notice the envious silence of my sisters Eleanor and Agnes.

I felt I must go, must be alone, so I rose and went blindly up stairs to my own room. There I sat on the floor in a state of bewilderment. I was half mad, I think, for I even thought for a while that the Count loved me, that what I had seen was an evidence of this; but soon my self-possession returned, and I saw his emotion in its true light. He evidently loved music, and my playing had touched him—yes; that was it.

My pillow remained unpressed that night, and it was not until morning that I decided that I would never see him again. I would go away.

Pale and haggard I descended to breakfast. As I entered the room Elenor exclaimed:—

"Goodness, Lucia, how pale you are!"

My father started as he caught sight of me.

"What is the matter with you, Lucia?" he said hurriedly. "You are as pale as a ghost!"

"I am not quite well, I think," I replied unsteadily. "My head aches."

"You want change of air, I suppose," said my father; and straitway I was forgotten by everyone save Petrella, who sat beside me and watched me very uneasily.

She followed me to my room after breakfast, and asked how I was feeling; but I, of course, could only evade her questions. Still she sat there, fingering the books on the table in an embarrassed manner, and then, suddenly rising, she came behind my chair and began to speak hesitatingly.

"Lucia, I want to tell you something——" She stopped.

"Well?" I said inquiringly.

"Something that happened last night," continued Petrella, and paused again.

"To you?" I asked.

"Yes, to me," she replied; then, desperately, "Lucia, how would you like me to get married?"

I started to my feet with a horrible fear at my heart.

"He does not love you! He has not asked you?" I cried. "So soon! Oh, Petrella!"

"Why, it's not soon!" said Petrella, opening her eyes wide. "I have known him ever so long. Who do you mean?"

"No matter," I said, faintly, shielding my eyes with my hand. "Tell me."

Petrella sat down at my feet.

"It was last night," she began. You remember I was sitting alone in the little drawing room after dark. No, you don't remember, for you were not there. It was not quite dark, twilight only, and as I was sitting there a gentleman came into the room. At first I thought it was papa, but when he came over to me I found it was Edgar—Edgar Forrester. Well, he sat down and began to talk in such a way; and at last, I can't tell you how, he said—he asked me to marry him. I was quite surprised, for, though he had been here so often lately, I never once thought that he had any idea of me, such a foolish, light, good-for-nothing creature; and he is so clever, and proud, and rich!

"He seems so cold to everybody, too; but"—with a half smile—"he was not cold last night—indeed I half lost my fear of him. But I felt as if my girlish life was too happy to change. I felt as if I did not love him enough either to give up all the love and homage, all the petting and caressing I received here, for him. I respect and admire him!" Petrella paused.

"I do more than that, I like him better than anybody I meet here"—and she paused again—"better than anyone I have ever met; yet he half frightens me, so I just said 'No,' all in a moment, and kept trembling the whole time; but if you had seen his face! Oh, Lucia, was I right?"

She stopped with a half sob, and raised her flushed face from my knee, where she had laid it, fixed her tearful eyes upon me. I took her hands.

"Now, answer me truly," I said. "You don't love him?"

"I think not," said Petrella. "No."

"You ought to be quite sure," I said, looking down at her. "It all depends upon that. If you do not, you were quite right to act as you did. In fact, you could do nothing else, being such a true-hearted little darling. And we all here should be selfish enough to be glad that this Mr. Forrester has not taken away the light of our house."

Petrella kissed me eagerly and earnestly.

"I am glad, too, to stay. I don't want to go, so I suppose I don't care about him at all."

And she danced away; but from that time there was a strong link between us and I became Petrella's confidante.

That day we were all seated at the dinner table when my father came in. He entered rubbing his hands.

"Well," he said in a relieved tone, "I have got that off my mind, and I am glad of it, for Lucia was beginning to look very pale, and Petrella was not much better this morning. You are to go next Monday;" and, with this lucid statement, my father seated himself at the table, and opening his book—for he spent all the time he possibly could in reading—he began his study and his dinner with an appetite.

We looked at one another, puzzled; then Eleanor spoke.

"You forget, father, that we are in ignorance of any plans relating to us which you may have formed. Might I ask where we are to go?"

"Oh, yes; I forgot!" said my father, without raising his eyes. "I have engaged a cottage for you in Milford, one of the prettiest little watering places, in my opinion—quite retired and quiet—and a month or two there will set up Petrella and Lucia. They just wanted change of air."

My father's remedy for every ailment was change of air, and for a minute I could not help laughing at him.

My sisters sat aghast at first; then they poured out such a torrent of expostulations that I was wellnigh deafened. The London season was not half over—if we stayed away a month or two everybody would have left town; then Milford was so unfashionable! Oh, they could not go there!

But they might have spared their words, for my father, generally the easiest of men, when he took an idea into his head, was not to be argued out of it; so he remained setadfast, fortifying himself against their arguments and entreaties with the sublime consciousness that he was doing his duty nobly by his family, in spite of all the disagreeable consequences it entailed on him.

Having finished his dinner, he rose and quitted the room.

I had said nothing, for at first I was glad to get away from London; then I suddenly remembered that if I went I should never see Leonardo again. The opportunity of getting away from him had come—just what I had been wishing for all the day—and I "reaped the misery of a granted prayer."

In mute despair I bowed my head upon my hands, wishing I might as easily lay down my miserable life. But from these thoughts I was called back to

what was passing around me by the angry voice of Agnes.

"It is to you, Lucia, we owe all this! If you had not assumed that sad, listless expression, father would never have thought of sending us away."

"Do you not see how much she is affected by the thought of leaving?" sneered Eleanor. "Perhaps she may have as much occasion to regret our departure as you. I always thought her sudden taste for society had more in it than was apparent."

It was too much. I tried to rise, but my strength failed; I fell forward senseless upon the floor.

I was ill all the week, but no one took any notice of me except Petrella. She came to sit with me often, and tried to cheer me.

My sole desire was to get away.

Slowly the tedious hours crawled on, and at length Monday arrived, and my father, who was not able to accompany us to Milford, drove with us to the station and saw us off.

We were nicely situated in the railway carriage, as Petrella whispered to me, for there was seated opposite to her a gentlemanly-looking young man, who soon found pretext for drawing her into conversation.

Agnes was not to be left out, and soon, to judge by their merry faces and frequent laughter, the three were engaged in a highly entertaining conversation.

I watched them with infinite surprise. Even if I had been beautiful, I am sure I could and would have travelled to the end of the world without being accosted by a single person or accosting one.

* * * * * *

I was writing one evening, a fortnight after our arrival at Milford, when Petrella entered my room.

She came in slowly, and said:—

"I'm tired, Lucia—so tired! May I draw this chair over and sit at the window?"

"Yes, Petrella; of course!" I replied. "Anything you like! Who went out just now?"

"Eleanor and Agnes. They went to a Mrs. Somebody's to spend the evening—that woman who was here the other day, you know," she explained. "They won't be back till late; her son's down from London."

The last remark, though seemingly irrelevant to the first portion of the sentence, was in reality not so.

"Did they walk?" I asked.

"Yes. They went by the garden down at the back of the house; but John is to drive over for them. Why do you want to know?"

I reflected, seeing Petrella's dim eyes and listless attitude.

"You ought to have gone with them," I said decidedly.

"Oh, I don't want to go!" she returned drearily. "Lucia, this chair becomes heavier every day, I think."

She was drawing it over to the window. She had scarcely said this when a sudden exclamation from her made me start. She was looking eagerly out, her face flushing deeply, an unwonted brightness in her eyes.

"Petrella, Petrella!" I cried, starting up; "what is it? What——"

But Petrella did not wait; she turned quickly and ran out of the room, and I heard her door close a minute after.

I stood irresolute for a moment, then hurried to the window; but there was nothing outside which could explain Petrella's strange conduct. There were fresh footmarks in the sand before the house indeed; but what did that show?

They were doubtless made by Agnes and Eleanor when going to Mrs. "Somebody's" to tea.

Then I remembered that Petrella had told me that they had gone through the garden at the back of the house; consequently the footsteps could not be theirs. But what did footmarks signify? People passed our house every day. No; it must have been something else that had so startled Petrella.

I gave up guessing, and went back slowly to my seat, and sitting down with my head on my hands, thought and pondered. Gradually my mind wandered from the subjects before me, and I began to speculate on the change in Petrella, and from that to the change in myself.

Yes—I acknowledged to myself that there was as great a change in me as in my sister. I had quite got over my love for Count Leonardo; I could hear my sisters speak of him, could hear strangers utter his name—nay, further, could talk quite easily myself of him without a flutter at my heart or a quickening pulse; so my plan of leaving had succeeded perfectly.

I went downstairs slowly, meditating in bitter mood as to how things had turned out. I had no purpose in going down, but I was so much out of humor with myself that I wanted to escape somewhere.

The summer sunshine poured in through the open windows, the sweet songs of the birds reached me; but I was out of tune with everything good, sweet, or bright in this world.

I passed slowly on through the sunlight, down the stairs, half way along the hall as far as the door of the little drawing-room. My eyes were downcast, but just then I raised them in time enough to see what prevented me from entering.

Petrella sat opposite to the door in a low chair, a deep blush glowing in her cheeks, her head hung down in shamefaced fashion, to hide her happy eyes.

A glance explained the reason of this change in her, also her inexplicable conduct of this evening. Leonardo stood behind her, leaning over her, speaking eagerly, his handsome face aglow, pleading in rapid low tones, and, apparently, judging by Petrella's expression, not in vain.

After one brief look, I passed on noiselessly. The sunlight seemed to die out, and darkness took its place. My heart was laid bare to me then. I was aroused from the torpor which I had mistaken for indifference, and which was caused by a reaction after the fierce passions that had wrung it during those months in London.

I walked blindly on, and turned unwittingly into a little spare room at the end of the hall. There I threw myself upon a couch, unconscious of all save the awful pain at my heart.

I knew then that I had not forgotten my love; I know, too, that unconsciously I must have cherished an unadmitted hope, or the utter extinction of it would not have affected me like this.

The certainty of my fate kept me dumb in my great grief. I did not cry out, wring my hands, or do anything but crouch there in the sunlight for what seemed to me ages, but for what was really only minutes.

I wanted to wait a little while—I asked no more—alone, to collect some sense to guide me in my future life, to summon some strength to help me to go through it all.

Slowly consciousness of outer things began to return, and the sudden obscuring of the sunlight caused by someone standing between me and it caused me to glance upward, and I saw Leonardo.

I sprang to my feet, blindly putting out my hands to keep him off, an awful rage and shame half choking my utterance.

"Is there no place to which I can go," I cried, "where you cannot come? Is it not enough to have your haunting image wring my heart, spoil my youth—and I am only nineteen—but you must come to insult me in your new-found happiness? The wounded animal can creep into some corner to die alone; but I must be followed, goaded to madness, my stricken heart laid bare, my shameful secret torn from me!

"Could I not be left one short half-hour alone with my anguish, but you must come with Petrella's kisses fresh on your lips, with the confession of Petrella's love ringing in your ears? Go now. You have witnessed my deepest humiliation, you have surprised and forced from me my secret. Is it not sufficient"—for he still stood before me—"or do you exact more and make me speak more plainly, and tell you that I love you, have loved you from the first moment I saw you, with the love of a heart closed from childhood to all others? I can be degraded no further, say no more! Will you never leave me?"

I half shrieked out the last words, raising my wild eyes, brimming with tears wrung from them by rage and shame, to his face.

A moment's profound silence then followed. Over his face spread an inexplicable brightness; then with a sudden swift movement he caught me in his arms.

I asked for no explanation; I needed none.

Petrella told me the rest afterwards, between laughter and tears. She found too late that she had, as I suspected from the beginning, loved Edgar Forrester all the time, but saw no way to withdraw her refusal.

It was Leonardo and he whom she had seen that evening passing the house, for Edgar had followed her to Milford; and then—Petrella laughed, with bright drops in her eyes as she told me—being despondent about seeking her himself, had deputed Leonardo, his best friend, to plead his cause with Petrella.

Edgar knew nothing of Leonardo's own love for me. It seemed to Leonardo too sacred and sweet for a word to be said about it, even to Edgar.

He said—but how can I believe it?—that he was unaccountably attracted to me from the first glimpse he had of my dark, colorless face on the night of the ball.

Then Lady Moreton told him the next morning of what she was pleased to call my wonderful talent, and he also heard from the lips of her ladyship, who alone in all the world understood anything of me, of my lonely, unloved life; and he drew back almost reverently from addressing to me the flippant chit-chat that was rife in our circle.

So he came to love me—with what a love! Let me pause here and speak of Petrella.

Leonardo was successful with her in his suit for his friend, and had just left the lovers together when he saw me in the other room, and entered, driven by a sudden impulse.

* * * * * * *

We were married three months afterwards—Petrella and Edgar also on the same day.

I pass over the unbounded rage and astonishment of Eleanor and Agnes at finding that I had carried off the prize. I am too happy to let a shadow rest on me, and they cannot think me more undeserving of my Leonardo than I know myself to be.

As for Petrella—my lips relaxed into a smile as I think of her and of her husband. How different he is with her—and, I may say, with me—from what he is with the rest of the world.

And how beautiful and merry and loving happiness has made Petrella—our darling! May her path continue to be as bright and happy as it is at present!

Edgar's mother, Lady Moreton, is perfectly enchanted with her grave, clever son's choice, and with my Leonardo's too, she says. She has always looked upon him as her second son; so she calls me daughter.

Love seems to have opened all its treasures for me. Edgar makes the best brother in the world, and my father has grown wonderfully attentive to me. It was worth while to be ignorant of love for nineteen years for the pleasure of being taught by my Leonardo.

Lady Moreton said that she foresaw my marriage from the night of that ball; but that is impossible. She said I could not guess the reason of her special invitation to me, which puzzled me so much; and, when I told her I was as far from guessing as ever, she laughed at my puzzled face, and called me a little simpleton. I pass from all these things to something sweeter to me than all.

I always thought that Leonardo would wish our wedding to be as private as possible, on account of the bride he had chosen being—my cheeks burn as I write it—so unattractive. But, to my surprise, he acquiesced in Lady Moreton's and Petrella's desire to have things done on a grand scale.

I tried all I could, for his sake and my own, to change their decision, but in vain. After we came back to town he showed no desire to conceal the fact of our engagement, as I had expected, but, to my mystification, behaved as if he were perfectly proud of and content with me.

That his heart is wrapped up in me, that I am the light of his eyes, his precious treasure, I know, though I cannot understand it. I feel when with him as if a shield were between me and all harm and annoyance.

But, even so, I felt deeply for him when others were by and saw his choice. Yet it was not until the evening before our marriage that I ventured to tell him all. Then, with stammering words and burning blushes, I told him how sorry I felt that I was so plain, how much I longed for his sake to be beautiful.

When I had finished I raised my eyes timidly, and saw that singularly beautiful smile of his illumine his face. The love-light in his eyes deepened, there was a tender expression about his mobile lips. He stooped and kissed mine softly, then, rising and drawing my arm within his, he took me over to a large mirror opposite.

"Look up now, Lucia," he said, "and tell me if my darling is plain."

I obeyed, and saw a face and figure that seemed strange to me. I saw a slim graceful girl, whose great dark eyes shone with love and happiness, raven-black hair plaited round a finely-formed head, an oval face—dark, certainly, but no longer thin and sallow—with a deep rich red blooming in the cheeks. I looked eagerly, breathlessly. The girl before me was beautiful—beautiful! Even beside handsome Leonardo she was that. I said the word over to myself, and then bewildered, I looked up at him, and in his proud, smiling eyes read the confirmation of my bliss.

A Jungle Adventure.—The story of an adventure in an Indian jungle shows how indifferent to danger a tiger is when intent upon gratifying its ferocity. The Colonel, having shot a gaur, sent two coolies to bring in the head. They returned with the news that a family of tigers had taken possession of the gaur. Whereupon the Colonel, accompanied by his native hunter and the two coolies, set out to bag a tiger. The big cats were found hard at work in a patch of heavy grass, into which they had dragged the gaur.

Sending the two coolies up a small tree a little way off, the Colonel and the shikaree climbed a large tree by the aid of a bamboo ladder. From his perch the Colonel got a view of a large and a medium-sized tiger. He fired at the shoulder of the large one, and took a snapshot at the other as it bolted, and broke its back.

There were responding roars; then a tiger rushed at the Colonel's tree, knocked down the ladder, and retired, wounded from a hurried shot, to a heavy patch of grass ten yards off.

There it announced itself on guard by roars and snarls. Five shots failed to drive it away. Finding that he had but two cartridges left, the Colonel held out his hand to the shikaree for more. The worthy had given the bag containing the ammunition to one of the coolies.

Only a monkey or a native could descend the tree without a ladder; the red ants led the men a lively time; the young tiger whose back had been broken roared through the night, and its mother, who was on guard, responded.

The two cartridges were kept for an emergency. An hour before daybreak the tigers became silent. A dead branch flung into the grass provoked a roar, which told that she was still on guard.

The Colonel took off his trousers and coat and stuffed them full of leaves, thus making a dummy man. The shikaree tore his turban into strips, and tied one end to the stuffed figure. Going out on a branch he let it down. As it touched the ground, the tigress sprang upon it and tore it to bits.

The Colonel rolled her over with a ball through the neck and another through the shoulder. She died without a groan. Then the coolies were called upon to descend and re-erect the ladder.

Down it the Colonel came, loaded the rifles from the bag, and killed the broken-backed cub. But his trousers and coat were both torn into shreds, and he had to walk to his tent more undressed than a Highland Scot in full parade costume.

Led by Their Faith.—One of the most curious sights in the world is constantly to be seen at Hardwar, a sacred city of the Hindoos lying on the banks of the Ganges. Its population is mainly composed of an ever-shifting throng of pilgrims, who come from all parts of India, some on foot, others by train, to bathe in the Ghat, a bend of the river partitioned off by a small iron bridge. There, too, the pilgrims consign to the sacred waters the bones or ashes of their dead.

Halt and sick, wealthy and poor, all crowd together into the holy bath, or "Kar-Ki-Parki." Some seek material, others spiritual, health; the cripples hope to throw away their crutches, and the sinner rejoices in the prospect of Paradise. The sacred fish, which are so tame that they often eat out of the pilgrims' hands, alone obtain a tangible result from the great pilgrimage, for none of those who take part in it neglect to feed them.

Writing Rama, or "God," on a small piece of paper, the pious pilgrim places a number of flour pills over the word, and then throws the whole into the water to the fishes.

Those who cannot make the pilgrimage commission others to bring them the sacred liquid, and a lively trade in Ganges water is done all the year round. From the sacred cities to all parts of Central India processions of water carriers wend their way; for should they travel by rail their load would lose all its properties.

Thus it is that the sacred Ganges water, enclosed in tiny vessels bound about with wicker, still remains as one of the few survivals of old India.

Justice and generosity are so intimately interwoven that neither can flourish healthfully without the other.

THE BOUNDS OF TIME.

BY T. B. G.

I dreamed I passed the bounds of Time,
And stood, alive, elate,
Upon the further side Death's flood
And watched old Charon's freight,
My eyes unblinded by the film
That clouds the mortal state.

One—who upon his fellow men,
As from a pedestal,
Had looked—I scarce could recognize,
So mean and poor and small,
So shrunken and so dwarfed he seemed,
Who once o'ertowered them all.

And one—who walked the earth in rags—
Was clothed upon with light,
While angels made a place for him
Upon their holy height;
Below I oft had pitied him
His beggar's hapless plight.

The one plague-spotted and the one
Whose whiteness without flaw
Compelled the wond'ring saints themselves
To gaze on him with awe—
Both I beheld revealed, and knew
It was their souls I saw!

White Carnations.

BY W. W.

"AND carnations are your favorite flowers?" Doctor Beauchamp asked me as we made our way to the supper room.

"Not all carnations," I answered hastily; "white carnations are horrid flowers! It's an insult to offer them to any one!"

"Why?" the Doctor asked, laughing. "I should have thought that, with the exception of roses and forget-me-nots, all flowers were much alike, and that it would not much matter what kind one gave anybody."

Poor man! What should a doctor know about flowers? But I glanced at him a little indignantly, for I did not intend to accept his professions of ignorance as an excuse for his short-comings. I never meet him—and we very often met—without wishing that he were a soldier instead of a doctor. Not that he would ever have made a good doctor. But my dear old father was in the service, and, as a true soldier's daughter, I swore by the army.

"Why?" Doctor Beauchamp asked again, as I did not reply.

"Don't you know why? White carnations mean, 'The more I see of you, the more I dislike you.'"

"Oh," cried Doctor Beauchamp, opening his brown eyes, "I did not know that! And what do red carnations signify?"

"'The more I see you, the more I love you,'" I answered glibly; and then I was exceedingly angry with myself. Why need I blush so furiously, as though I had been making a proposal to him? Hundreds of times my foolish blushes have given a meaning to my words that I had never intended. It was not surprising if Doctor Beauchamp thought me rather fast. But why should I care anything about Doctor Beauchamp's good opinion?

He was not an army man, as I have said. He was not particularly handsome either, and was far from rich.

People said that he was clever; but a girl of twenty does not take to a man for his intellectual powers. And he was certainly good; but so were many others whom I cared nothing about. Did he care for me? I could not say. Sometimes I fancied he did a little; and then, at other times, I thought that I absolutely bored him.

Besides he was much too grave for such a rattlepate as I, and too gentle for a man. Yet I found myself thinking about him very often, much more often than about my other male friends.

It was on the evening before my birthday that we had the conversation about the carnations, the birthday that was to prove a very memorable one for both of us.

By the first post came a letter for father, announcing that he was a wealthy man, and calling him from home for a week or so. An inheritance which certainly he had never counted upon had been left to him. Our joy was very great, and, on my part, quite untroubled by any regret for my deceased relative, a great-uncle, whom I had never seen, and had heard spoken of during his lifetime as a miserly cantankerous old man.

Till now my father had been almost entirely dependent upon his pay, and sometimes it was difficult enough to make both ends meet. I could see how thankful my father was to have the money, and to know that he need have no further anxiety about my future.

It was a splendid birthday present; the only pity was that no one except ourselves knew about it. About noon father started, and I was able at last to sit down to read my letters. I was comfortably settled in our little drawing room when Mary, our old servant, came in and placed something upon the table.

"With Doctor Beauchamp's compliments," she said, and left the room.

As my back was turned to the door and the table I sprang up quickly, for I was very glad that Claude had remembered my birthday. I must explain that Doctor Beauchamp's Christian name was Claude. But I drew back furious, for there on the table stood a lovely carnation plant, covered with buds and and blossoms, which filled the room with their perfume. But the blossoms were white!

I do not know whether I was the more angry or disappointed. At first I think I was only grieved and disappointed, for I had gradually grown to believe in Claude's attachment more than I was aware of. And now all that was over. "The more I see you the more I dislike you," was written as in letters of fire on every one of the white blossoms. My second thought was that there must have been some mistake.

The name so often in my mind perhaps had never been mentioned at all; it might have been only my imagination that had played me false. And what did it signify if anyone else, even my dearest friend, so long as it was not Claude, had sent me a white carnation?

I examined the plant more carefully to see if the sender's name were attached to it. Yes—there was an envelope among the lower leaves. I seized it eagerly. The address was in Claude's handwriting—I knew it well. On the card enclosed he had written:

"I want the flowers, whose language you seem to understand so well, to tell you all I have tried in vain to say in words. My one fervent desire is that you may feel yourself able to send me in return a blossom from the same plant."

I crushed the cruel card in my hand. My strongest feeling at the moment was one of intense mortification. What I had often told myself would happen some day had at last come to pass. I had shown myself to be a foolish forward girl; my wayward impulsive nature could never suit a quiet reserved man.

I had been imprudent enough to betray a preference which Claude Beauchamp felt was not mutual, and he was therefore all the more disgusted at my lack of reserve. Hitherto I had failed to understand the real cause of his cool behavior, and had continued to force myself upon him until he had been obliged to resort to this cruel and rude expedient to destroy my illusion. All at once my tears, which had been flowing freely, ceased, and a feeling of bitter anger took possession of me.

Yes—he was rude and ill-bred; he had offered me an insult such as I had never suffered before. Even if I had betrayed my feelings too plainly, was that a reason why I should be treated in this cruel heartless way?

Something within me seemed to say that it might be a joke. Joke indeed? Had Claude merely sent me the carnation without the note I might have considered it a clumsy jest, and as such I might have forgiven it, although Doctor Beauchamp was not addicted to joking.

But the lines that accompanied the plant made it impossible for me to treat it as a harmless joke, if it was so intended. It seemed impossible to me now that I could ever have cared for a man who, either in jest or in earnest, could have been guilty of such an indiscretion. Nevertheless my tears broke out afresh.

But what was to be done with the horrid flower? It must not remain in the drawing room; it was such a beautiful plant that everyone would be wanting to know how I came by it. So I carried it up to my bedroom and placed it upon the windowsill.

Then I dried my tears and resolved not to cry any more; and when I had bathed my face in cold water all traces of weeping had disappeared, though I was still a little paler than usual.

An hour later Mary came up to my room for orders.

"You don't look well, Miss Hilda," she said. "Is anything the matter?"

"A headache," I murmured.

"Is it very bad, Miss Hilda?"

"Very bad."

"Then I'm glad I didn't call you! Doctor Beauchamp has just called; but he asked for master, and I told him he was away from home. I said that you were very much pleased with the lovely carnation."

"You need not have troubled to say anything of the kind, Mary," I returned in a tone of annoyance.

Mary looked at me in astonishment.

"And weren't you really pleased, Miss Hilda?" she inquired. "I thought you must be by your bringing it up here so it can get plenty of sunshine. Oh, Miss Hilda, you must pardon me, but I'm not blind, and I can't help seeing how much store you set by the Doctor!"

So even Mary had noticed what I so wished to remain a secret.

"I will thank you, Mary, for the future to keep your observations to yourself," I answered in a severe tone. "You've made a great mistake about my feelings, and in no case are they any concern of yours."

Mary said no more. No doubt she thought my ill-temper was all owing to my bad headache; and shortly afterwards she left the room.

When father returned he stroked my curly brown hair and said:

"You look pale, little Hilda—you must not be ill."

But as I smilingly assured him that nothing but my longing to see him again had caused my pallor, he did not again allude to my appearance.

I do not know who first mentioned the fact of our altered circumstances, but the news spread like wildfire. Friends came to ask me, in confidence, if it were true that my father had been left a hundred thousand pounds. The young subalterns were even more attentive to me than before; and when I entered a shop I was treated with the utmost obsequiousness. In short, I perceived with surprise, not unmingled with childish satisfaction, that my father's newly-acquired wealth had made me a much more important little personage than I was before our good fortune came.

This fact may perhaps have helped me to bear up under my trouble—this and the knowledge that no one guessed that I had had anything to distress me. I never happened to meet Doctor Beauchamp either in the street or in society, at which I rejoiced greatly, for, had I met him, I should not have known in the least what to say or do.

One morning after my father had been back a few days he sent for me to his study. He often wanted a little chat with me, so I went down perfectly unconcerned. Yet the moment I entered the room I saw by his face that something had happened.

"My child," he said, as I seated myself on the arm of his easy-chair, "are you so soon thinking of forsaking your old father?"

I grew crimson. At one time I might have dreamed of such a thing, but certainly not now.

"I shall always stay with you, father," I said, trying to look cheerful.

"There is some one who would like to lure you away," my father said with a smile, taking up an open letter from the table by his side. My heart began to throb, for I recognized the handwriting. "Doctor Beauchamp has written to me to ask my consent to his proposing to you. He hopes you will not regard his wishes unfavorably. How is it, Hilda?"

I did not answer. For a moment my heart overflowed with joy. Everything in the room seemed to be turning round, and I had to rest my hands firmly on the back of father's chair to prevent myself from falling. This ecstasy lasted only for a moment however.

Then I recollected the carnation, and seemed to hear someone saying, "The more I see of you, the more I dislike you!"

The flowers had been sent but a few days before, when—and my heart seemed almost to stand still as the thought occurred to me—my father was still a poor man. Since then I had grown more attractive, and now Doctor Beauchamp deigned to propose to me, and imagined that I should be ready at once to accept him. He might at least have had sufficient good taste to change his mind with a little less speed. I began to feel something very like contempt for him.

"Well, Hilda," said my father, kindly, "are you so surprised that you cannot reply? You must not think of me, little one. I should have liked to keep you a little longer; but, if you think you can be happy with Claude Beauchamp, he is an honorable man, I am not afraid to trust you to him. Well, Hilda," he went on, as I still remained silent—"what am I to say? He asks if he may come himself for an answer this afternoon. 'Yes' or 'No'? 'Yes'—unless I have been mistaken?"

I stood quite still, and tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Is it so hard to leave me alone, little one?" my father asked, drawing me tenderly to his side.

"No, no!" I cried, unable now to repress my sobs. "I will never leave you, and I can never, never be Doctor Beauchamp's wife! Don't send me away, daddy, dear! I can neither love nor respect him.

"H'm!" ejaculated my father, in astonishment. "I grant you may not love him, although that surprises me; but why can't you respect him? That's a very hard thing to say of anyone, and should never be said without good and sufficient reason. Have you any?"

"Yes," I replied, drying my tears and becoming a little calmer. I felt that my father expected an explanation, but was conscious that I was utterly unable to give it.

"Has he offended you?" he said.

"Yes."

"And you won't pass it over? Have you had some misunderstanding?"

"Yes," I answered, calmly enough now. "And I will never marry Doctor Beauchamp unless you force me to do so."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed father, almost laughing—"that I will never do. If you care for him you have only to tell him so. I am sorry for him, but I am glad, for my own sake, to keep my little girl a bit longer beside me."

Then he kissed me tenderly, and I was allowed to go.

I ought to have felt very triumphant, but somehow I did not. I had shown Claude that I had plenty of pride, that I was not to be had simply for the asking, or treated with indifference and rudeness, just as it might seem most advantageous to him. But I felt intensely unhappy, and I wandered about the house dejected and miserable, as though I had done something wrong.

Father decided, with his usual kindness, that it would be better to communicate my decision by letter, so as to avoid the pain of a personal interview. But before the letter could have reached Doctor Beauchamp I heard his voice in the hall—he was inquiring for father.

"It's his own doing," I said to myself; "and the blow won't at any rate, be an overwhelming one." I closed the door of the drawing-room, where I was sitting, sank into a chair, and began to dream of what might have been if—if——

A few moments later the door opened softly, and father came in with a troubled expression on his dear old face.

"I am very sorry, Hilda, I can't save you the unpleasantness," he said; "but Doctor Beauchamp wishes to have your answer from yourself. He seems very much surprised at your decision."

"What can't be cured must be endured," I replied, in a resigned tone. "Bring him here, father."

Thereupon my father went and fetched Doctor Beauchamp from his study, where he had been waiting, and then hastily left us alone together.

Two or three painful moments passed, during which we sat opposite to each other in silence.

"You wished to speak to me?" I asked at last in a low voice, without glancing at Claude. I dared not look at him, for fear I should cry.

"Yes," he replied; and I found, to my terror, that my anger was rapidly evaporating at the sound of his voice. "I should like to learn from your own lips whether I have really deceived myself as to your feelings for me, or whether the answer you send me through your father is the result of some momentary misunderstanding!"

I felt that he intended to say "momentary ill-temper," and the thought irritated me, and I turned from him.

"Hilda," Claude continued gently, "so long as you don't tell me yourself you have never cared for me, I shall believe it."

I was silent. I could not tell a falsehood.

Then he spoke again in the quiet voice which I found hard to resist.

"At least tell me what I have done to offend you?"

Still I remained silent. The strain becoming unbearable. Claude did not seem to have the slightest suspicion that he had been guilty of any breach of politeness.

"It seems you do not intend to favor me with any answer," he said coldly, as he rose and faced me. It struck me as too serious a matter for us both for me to go away without demanding an explanation. You are apparently of the contrary opinion." And he turned to go.

"Did you," I began—and he turned back instantly—"send me a carnation plant on my birthday?"

"Certainly I did," he answered frankly.

"Did you send me, at the same time, this note?" With trembling fingers I drew out the card.

"Undoubtedly," he replied, glancing at it. "Is that a crime?"

"I don't know whether it is usually considered kind and gentlemanly to insult a girl in this fashion. I, for one, decidedly object. Don't you really understand that the flowers and the words are a direct insult?"

"I am sorry my letter should have so displeased you," Claude went on coldly. "It is news for me to learn that there could be anything offensive in the flowers or the lines I sent you. You have reproached me with want of kindness. Is it kind to reply so harshly to words that proceeded from a loving and honest heart?"

"You shall have the answer you asked for!" I cried, and rushed out of the room and up to my own bedroom. I broke off a number of the carnation blossoms and returned with them to the drawingroom. "If you wish any more of the flowers, you are quite welcome to them," I said scornfully, as I offered Claude the blossoms.

"Thanks; these are quite sufficient," he replied; "but I must confess that this is not the answer I had hoped for. I did not send you these carnations, and still less did I wish to receive them at your hands."

"Did not send them to me!" I cried, opening my eyes in surprise, and letting the flowers fall to the floor.

"Of course not!" returned Claude, with a look of impatience. "It would have been untrue and rude as well. Hilda"—and his voice became suddenly soft again, "is this why you were angry with me? Did you really think that I was capable of such barbarity?"

"How could I think otherwise?" I said, glancing up at him shyly and doubtfully. "I haven't received any other carnations. Mary brought them to me, with your name. I know no more."

"My carnations were of a different color," he went on slowly, looking straight into my eyes till I grew as red as the flower to which he was alluding.

"But I have no red—I mean—I haven't received any other carnations," I said in some confusion.

"There has been a mistake somewhere," Claude began again; "but I have had nothing to do with it. No doubt however the mystery can be easily solved."

"No, no—it need never be solved!" I exclaimed in joyous tones. "I will believe you. I was too ready to think ill of you; but now I will accept your word without question. Oh, Claude, you can't think how miserable I have been for the last few days!"

At that moment the door opened, and Mary entered the room with a note for me in her hand; but, when she saw us standing hand-in-hand, with glowing faces, she stepped back.

"Wait a moment, Mary," cried Claude, quite radiant, releasing my hand—"you must help to clear me of a very ugly suspicion!"

"But it isn't necessary!" I protested. "I have told you that I believe you without any explanation."

"And I crave for justice, not mercy," he replied. "Mary, did a man a few days ago leave a white carnation here for me? If so, he must have changed it on the way, for I gave him a red one."

Mary colored a little.

"He brought what you gave him, sir, all right," she said; "but—Miss Hilda, you won't be angry?—in bringing the plant in, I accidentally let it fall, and it broke off close to the root. I was so sorry you should be disappointed on your birthday, so I went to Reed's to buy another. But he hadn't another the same size except a white one, which of course wasn't so pretty. I was very vexed; but flowers are flowers, whether they are red or white. So I got a white one, and I've been wanting to explain the matter to you. I should have done so before, only——"

"It was all my fault you didn't," I said, interrupting her, "because I was so cross; and every time you began to say a word about Doctor Beauchamp I stopped you."

"I hope, Miss Hilda, I haven't done any harm?" Mary said.

I was far too happy to scold her, even if I had not known how little she had intended to vex me.

Of course we became engaged. But I must add just one thing more. Later on it came out that Claude had known nothing at all about the change in my father's circumstances; for, three days after my birthday, he had been suddenly called away to a distance, and had returned only on the day our misunderstanding was cleared up. The news of father's good fortune had not, of course, spread beyond the town, so I was able to dismiss every suspicion of self seeking on the part of Claude, which suspicion I had happily never mentioned to anyone, not even to my own father.

Her Holiday.

BY S. U. W.

MRS. WALTON was her name. He knew that, because he followed her into the hotel and entered his name in the visitor's book immediately after hers.

They had traveled on the same steamer to Arran. He first noticed her soon after leaving Greenock.

Edward Brogden had never seen anyone quite like her before, she was so youthful without being exactly young; so ingenious, so enthusiastic. He could see she was bubbling over with joy; she murmured to herself, and sang snatches of song in a low bird-like voice; she smiled as the shadows raced down the green hills, and she held her hand out to the gulls as they flew past.

Edward Brogden could not take his eyes off the slight, elegant little figure, and before much time had elapsed he contrived to bring himself to her notice by rendering her some slight service. As she thanked him she flashed her peach-like face, with the soft yellow curls on her forehead, round on him, and smiled through her gold-rimmed glasses. He forgot utterly what he was going to say, and but for her readiness it would have been an awkward moment.

"Have I really been standing ever since we left Greenock? I did not know. It is very good of you to bring me a seat, but I really do not know whether I wish to sit down. It is all so beautiful—the movement, the light, the warmth. I do not want to miss anything; not a ripple of the water, not a shadow on the hillside. Oh, is it not exquisite!" she cried, clasping her hands. "It makes me feel young again."

"Young again?" said Edward Brogden, more to himself than to her. Young again?"

"Yes," the silvery voice went on; "young as I used to be years and years ago, when I lived in the clouds and walked on air; before I took up the burden of life and got weary and sick and old. I assure you I felt very old and tired yesterday at this time. But don't let us talk of that. I am trying to forget, trying to renew my youth. I have come on purpose."

"Renew her youth!" mentally repeated Edward Brogden. "Why, the child can hardly be twenty!"

She was evidently traveling alone, and he kept his eye on her to the end of the journey. His destination happened to be hers also.

They both landed at Roderick, and she preceded him along the landing-stage to the hotel, and as we have seen, entered her name in the visitors' book at the request of the proprietor.

"Mrs. Walton!" Why, she must be a widow!

He thanked his stars that he was in the same hotel with her.

Then began the maddest, happiest time in all Edward Brogden's career. He let himself go. In proportion to the discretion in all previous affairs of the heart was the abandonment and recklessness of his last infatuation.

He cast all prudence to the winds. He knew nothing about Mrs. Walton, nor did he wish to know anything.

He was sick of prudence. He had been prudent and cautious all his life, and here he was at thirty years of age unloved and unloving. Yes, he would let himself go for once.

It appeared that all the unattached men in the hotel had come to a similar decision, for before many days were over they were all her devoted slaves. She smiled through her gold-rimmed glasses on all impartially, and she showed no invidious preference as to the person with whom she walked or talked.

The ladies, too, fell under her spell, and declared that she was a most charming young thing, so gay, so innocent.

"Mrs. Walton is quite delightful, of course," said one matron to another, "but I must say she is a little indiscreet, and may lay herself open to misconstruction."

"I suppose she is what one might call an emancipated woman."

"But even emancipated women might discriminate; she accepts attentions from all sorts and conditions of men."

"And yet one cannot say she encourages them; she is quite pleasant with women too, and will spend a whole morning playing with the children."

Mrs. Walton came up at this moment, smiling and readjusting her eye glasses. These were attached by a slender gold chain to her brooch, and were constantly slipping from her eyes, but they were indispensable to her sight, and she always replaced them.

"Ah, here you are! My dear Mrs. Owen, your cap is on one side. Let me put it straight this minute," which she did with a light touch, stroking the white hair delicately, and remarking she hoped she should have beautiful white hair when she was a few years older.

"And now this cap tells a tale; you have been at your troubles again. You have been shaking your head over the shortcomings of your cook down there in Surry, or the depravity of the gardeners. As I said the other day, when you were worrying about the jam-making, 'Forget, forget; be happy at least once a year; leave all troubles at home, and come out for a holiday; laugh, be gay—forget.'"

"I believe you promised to sing to us to-night, Mrs. Walton?" said Edward Brodgen strolling up at this point.

"Ah, did I promise? I never meant to sing here, and brought no music; but perhaps something will come to me," she said, rising and sweeping across the room to the piano, where three or four men stood waiting for her.

She always dressed in half mourning, and to-night she wore a long black gown with bodice of heliotrope glace silk veiled in sequined net of the same shade—a combination which set off her lovely complexion and hair to perfection.

She ran her fingers over the keys. "It is no use," she said at last, letting her hands fall. "I must contradict my own teaching and be serious; none of the happy songs will come."

They all declared they liked serious songs best.

"And I must warn you," she said, "all my songs are old songs—all my songs are memories." A far-away look came into her eyes as she lifted her hands to the keys again and played the opening bars of Tosti's "Good-bye." Occasions on which they had heard this song beautifully rendered recurred to most of those present; but she had not sung many notes before they realized that this was a new thing in singing.

At the conclusion there was a murmur of thanks and admiration. The men spoke quietly. The women were in tears.

She ran her fingers over the keys again and began to sing, "Is it a dream?"

Mr. Hardcastle decided there and then that he would ask her to marry him. Mr. Cyril Ranger could not for the life of him think what he had been doing to have spent a whole week near such a woman and not have proposed to her. Two young men who had come a week ago, intending to stay for the night only, and who lingered on because, as they said, of the sociable, gay, unconventional life of the place—in other words because of the little widow—each vowed to himself he would write that very night to his father and explain the situation, suggesting a readjustment of business relations with a view to marriage at an early date.

Edward Brodgen was deeply affected. Next morning when he found himself seated beside her on a steamer making an excursion round the island he said: "Well, Mrs. Walton have you any more surprises for us? Do you know you astonished us all last night? I cannot reconcile the sadness of your singing with your usual gaiety. I am puzzled to know which is your real self."

"Both are real," she said. "I have at least half a dozen quite distinct selves. Sometimes one is to the fore, sometimes another. It depends on my mood and my surroundings whether I laugh to prevent myself crying or break my heart singing sad songs through sheer delight and the joy of living."

"You are an enigma."

"No, I am a woman!"

"It is the same thing."

She drew his attention to Ailsa Crag.

"Yes, yes, the crag," said he absently. "Do you know I always feel attracted by anything enigmatical or mysterious; the more complex a woman is the better I like her; I am weary of simple transparent souls whom he that runs may read. What an experience! What a splendid interest it would be! Ah, Mrs. Walton, life would be worth living if you——"

"See, Mr. Brogden, we must be nearing Lashlam; and do look at those lovers wandering along the road. Isn't it sad?"

"Oh, they will get married!"

"That is the best thing they can do."

Mrs. Walton informed him with tears in her eyes that she felt a little hysterical to-day, that it was the last day of her holiday, and that if he would excuse her she would not talk any more but would sit quietly at the other side of the boat.

"The last day of your holiday? Then you must certainly let me speak to you of something which affects me vitally," he said as he raised his hat and moved away.

"Afterwards," she exclaimed; "afterwards."

At five o'clock that afternoon a large, dull, florid, bald man of about fifty was standing in the hall with Mrs. Walton when Edward Brogdon came in to look for her to have his talk on something vital to himself.

"Allow me to introduce you to my husband, Mr. Brogden," she said, smiling through her gold-rimmed glasses.

The next morning the boys resumed their journey on the bicycles. Mr. Hardcastle was called away suddenly, and Mr. Cyril Ranger discovered Arran was tiresome.

Scientific and Useful.

BUTTER FOR INVALIDS.—Butter is recommended as a food for pulmonary and other invalids. Therefore, if it is agreeable to the individual, and occasions no gastric or intestinal disorders, it would seem an important adjunct to the present treatment.

SLEEP.—The habit of going to bed and lying awake is something to be dreaded. An authority on nervous diseases gives this advice. When sleep comes to be a matter of habit, it should be cultivated. It is a good plan to read a few pages of a light book just before bed time, in order to compose the mind after the day's excitement. Poetry is good for this. If there is a feeling of hunger, drink is better than solid food; but liquors are not to be thought of—they are too stimulating.

My brother contracted a severe Cold, which resulted in Pneumonia. Being far removed from any physician, he resorted to Jayne's Expectorant, and HE BELIEVES THAT IT WAS THE ONLY MEANS OF SAVING HIS LIFE.—J. N. FRENCH, Evangelist, Palestine, Texas, Nov. 18 1890.

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THE BEARING OF TROUBLE.

Those who are possessed of a highly nervous temperament which is as sensitive as mercury to outside influence, now up, now down, with all the restlessness of a barometer in stormy weather, must often look with envious eyes on placid people over whose heads storm and stress pass, leaving barely a sign of their crossing. The rigorous law of compensation seems to make a special prey of the sensitive, whose eyes, as it were, contain a powerful magnifying lens, which exaggerates both pleasure and pain. A little fleck in the sky appears to them a thunder-cloud; a molehill in their path wears the aspect of an almost insurmountable mountain; a white sheet becomes a ghost; and a rolling-stone which could be stopped with the hand has all the terrors of an avalanche.

The symptoms, it may be said, point to the need of soothing medicine and a change of air. Perhaps they do. Perhaps the nervous temperament may be combated and conquered to some extent; but, fashion our lives as we will, we are more or less the victims of temperament, and shall continue to be so to the end of time. It is easy to speak of a change of air and a change of occupation for those who are laboring under the difficulties of a perturbed mind. But what if neither is possible? What if you are compelled to stand still and face events which seem fraught with worry, with complications, almost with disaster? Subsequent events may prove the storm to be much less severe than was anticipated, and easy to be weathered; but anticipation often takes its coloring not from facts so much as from the mind of the one who anticipates. The placid-minded man plays the part of a fatalist.

"Whatever will come, will come," he says. "Do your best, accept the situation, and don't worry, for worry kills."

It is a delightful philosophy, but not the least bit consoling to the perturbed mind which sees dangers under the microscope, and thinks it sees them with the naked eye. Disaster carries different meanings to different minds. To the placid man it means a flesh-wound; to the nervously-disposed man it means a stab to the heart. There are men to whom bankruptcy is merely an unpleasant incident in the year's work; to other it is a life-long disgrace, a cloud from which they can never emerge. How can two minds seeing one thing in such different aspects hope to share sympathies or to exchange experiences?

An impartial arbitrator would no doubt declare that wisdom lay with the calmer man. We would not hesitate to say that he has the more enviable lot; but it is wrong, we think, to speak of him as the wiser. It is not so much a question of wisdom in the one case or the other as it is a matter of temperament. It is not wise of the duck to let the water run off its back so that it comes dry out of the pond; nature has settled the matter for it. And circumstances and heredity have settled the matter of the differences in men's temperaments.

True, there is more room for appeal in matters of the mind. We can put ourselves to school and learn in some degree the hard lesson of self-control; but a life-long schooling will not make a highly sensitive man phlegmatic, or an easy-going man keenly sensitive. We may put our temperaments under subjection, but we cannot alter them. We may learn to show no signs of fear, but we cannot learn not to fear, except in cases where familiarity has bred contempt for certain dangers. It is said of some of our bravest soldiers that they never enter a new campaign without fear, though they are too well disciplined to betray it; and in a less impressive sphere, it is well known that many of the most experienced actors and actresses, after years behind the footlights, suffer greatly from stage-fright on the first night of a new production.

An easily perturbed mind belongs pre-eminently to people of an artistic temperament, whose tears and smiles are very near the surface, ready to be called out on the smallest pretext. Now we would not say that our tears and smiles are beyond our control. They are, or ought to be, very much within our control.

Of course we cannot avoid, unless we are unusually strong-minded, allowing our feelings to escape a little. A perturbed mind will often show itself in the form of petty irritability when we are most desirous of keeping it under control. Even a smile will not always hide a fit of bad temper; nor can we always, by forcing our dignity to the utmost, forbear from a smile when we are in a laughing mood. Yet it should be one of our first and most constant lessons to control the outward expression of our more delicate feelings.

But a catalogue of the troubles of the man of nervous temperament seems to demand a moral. Is there nothing to be said beyond the fact that a man is the victim of his temperament? Or are we simply to take a pleasure in drawing an uncomfortable impressionist picture of the trials of the sensitive man, and there leave the matter? Well, we think every one can to some extent place not only the expression of their emotions, but their emotions themselves, under control—not a very perfect control perhaps, but something which serves to give comparative peace of mind. At the least, a man should so far know himself and his temperament as to avoid, where possible, encountering those circumstances which minister to his perturbation of mind.

"Never put out your arm farther than you can draw it back" is a good Scottish proverb; and the man who knows how easily he is ruffled by adverse circumstances should guard against embarking on an enterprise where a false step may cause him untold wretchedness. A nervous man should certainly not be a speculator—that way the madhouse lies. He should judge carefully his steps, and not fly at high game unless he is prepared to accept failure philosophically.

And, when his worries do come, as they must frequently do, he cannot shut his eyes to them and leave things altogether to chance; but he might and should try to divert his mind when it simply dwells on the misery of the situation without troubling itself about a cure. It is not an easy lesson to school the temperament into taking troubles lightly or to easily learn carelessly to ignore difficulties; but it is worth while to try to cultivate the habit of looking at facts as calmly as possible, and of studying with some care the way out of a maze, instead of rushing wildly round and round in the hope of finding a way of escape.

MUCH has been said, both justly and wisely, on the education of the feelings—that is, on the duty of discriminating in regard to them, repressing some, developing others, and so training and disciplining them as to bring them into harmony with our entire being, and to make them conduce to the best ends of which we can conceive. When we remember how strong is feeling as a factor in life—how, on the one hand, it may override conscience, judgment, and even common sense, and, on the other, how safely it may conduct us to those realms where goodness and spontaneity unite to make the character and the life beautiful—we must admit that we cannot lay too much stress upon it as a power for good or for evil, nor too earnestly strive to direct its influence towards the one and away from the other.

WHAT it means to a man to come home at night to a cheerful wife no one but he who has had to fight in the hard battle of life knows. If he is prosperous, it is an added joy; but it is in misfortune that it shines like a star in the darkness. A complaining wife can kill the last bit of hope and courage in a sorely troubled heart, while a cheerful one gives new courage to begin the fight over again.

THERE is nothing more disagreeable in a young person than an attempt to "put on airs," to order other people about, to speak with a half-hidden imprudence to older people—to show no deference, no respect. Such behavior springs either from selfishness or vanity, and it would be ridiculous if it were not sad to see a young person behaving in so foolish a manner.

THE success of a battle depends quite as much on the courage and obedience of the soldiers as on the wisdom and generalship of the officers; and so the welfare of the world is more concerned in the faithful discharge of duty by the thousands who lead quiet and obscure lives than by the great achievements of the few gifted ones.

SPEAK well of every one. If you cannot speak well, then speak no ill. Silence here is golden. This does not mean that no criticisms are permissible, but that you should never say of others what you would not be willing to say to them or in their presence.

EARNESTNESS is a devotion of all the faculties. It is the cause of patience, it gives endurance, overcomes pain, strengthens weakness, braves danger, sustains hope, makes light of difficulties, and lessens the sense of weariness in overcoming them.

IT is not too much to say that each man or woman who accords that homage to wealth which is due only to character is pandering to the motives which influence the swindler, and is, to that extent, a sharer in his crime.

CONVICTION, be it ever so excellent, is worthless till it governs conduct. Properly, conviction is not possible till then, inasmuch as all speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices.

Correspondence.

T. C.—1. "Fitz" means "son of." 2. The only animal hybrids of any importance, except mules, are the hybrid geese of India, which are a cross between the common and the Chinese geese, species so different as to have been placed in distinct genera. Hares and rabbits, wolves, dogs, and foxes are also said to breed freely among each other.

NARCISSUS.—The lines:

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they
grind exceeding small:
Though with patience He stand waiting, yet,
with exactness grindeth all."

are from a poem called "Retribution," by Friedrich von Logau (A. D. 1604, 1655), translated by Longfellow under the title "Poetic Aphorisms."

LITTLE READER.—To be "narrow-minded" means to be incapable of seeing and weighing dispassionately the various sides of any question, only being able to see and accord its full and due importance to one side. A "narrow-minded" person is full of unreasoning prejudices. The term has nothing to do with "low spirits;" they may be purely physical; nor is it at all necessary that a person of "narrow" intellect and poor reasoning powers should be "mean-hearted" or low-minded.

INQUIRER.—Andorra is a small semi-independent republic, situated in the Eastern Pyrenees, over which France and Spain exercised a joint suzerainty; it is governed by a council of twenty-four, which is elected by the people; the council choose one from among their number as a syndic for life; there are two judges or viquiers—one of whom is appointed by France, the other by the Bishop of Urgel, in Spain—also a civil judge, appointed alternately by France and the Bishop. Charlemagne declared Andorra a free state, for services rendered him when marching against the Moors; Louis le Debonnaire, in 819 A. D., transferred certain rights which Charlemagne had retained to the Bishop of Urgel, who still possesses them; the population is about 6,000.

NERO.—You do not give your authority for the story to which you refer respecting the freezing to death of 40 of Nero's soldiers who were faithful to the Christian religion. Some unreliable legendary history of the saints, we suppose. The story does not bear the impress of truth, for we do not think any one could be frozen to death on any of the Italian lakes by order of the most cruel potentate holding rule in that genial sunny land. There were 64 persecutions under that tyrant; 95 under Domitian; 106 under Trajan; 166 under Marcus Aurelius; 202 under Severus; 232 under Maximilian; 249 under Decius; 258 under Valerian; and 303 under Diocletian. Of course these are not counted annually, but by the several towns and districts scattered over the whole of the Roman Empire; for otherwise these tyrants would not have lived sufficiently long to accomplish such a number of distinct persecutions as those authenticated as above stated.

D. J. S.—The title, "master," is derived from the old English "maistre," the Anglo-Saxon "master" (or "magester"), and the Latin "magister." One exercising authority who has a right to control or dispose; a proprietor, one who has under him, slaves, servants, apprentices, or assistants; also, it signified, secondly, one highly skilled in any art, science, or occupation. Thus, to "master" a subject, a difficulty, and one's will, is an appropriate term to employ. To be "masterful" is to be imperious. In the same way, "mistress" is derived from the old English "maistress," of which the Latin is magistra, and signifies a woman holding rank, power, ownership, authority over others—the head of a family or school; and, secondly, a woman highly skilled in anything, or having the mastery over it. The prefix "miss" is only a contraction of "mistress," and applied in writing or in speaking of an unmarried girl or woman.

IGNORAMUS.—The woman who assumes the cares and trials of matrimony after she is of full age, preserves her personal charms longer than the girl who marries in her teens. As to the appropriate age of the husband, he should ever be the elder. Boy-husbands are apt to become either the slaves of their wives or the victims of irregular habits. Sometimes they fall into the other extreme of being harsh domestic tyrants. So that to maintain an equitable poise between husband and wife, the weight of years should be with the former, so as to invest his authority with dignity, and render obedience to him a voluntary offering to his marital superiority. The strongest support of the conjugal union is mutual confidence; but how can that be expected when the wife has not unshrinking faith in her husband's mission to be mentally her superior, and to have intrusted to him the guidance of her earthly destiny? As to a man's not marrying until he is thirty, that we must admit is rather late; but if it is true, as the poet says, that at that age "man suspects himself to be a fool," why the chances are, that every year afterwards he will be more convinced that he really may be one, and so regulate his conduct accordingly. Men who know their own failings are best fitted to lead and control others. We however think that, as a rule, it is inexpedient that a husband should be more than ten years older than his wife. Gray hairs are venerable; but a wife, with pardonable feeling does not like to see too abundant a crop of them on her husband's head while she is still in her bloom.

DO IT.

BY E. .N

If you've any task to do
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

The Runaway.

BY W. M.

A VERY pretty drawing-room, with all the latest "fads" in the way of artistic drapery, chairs of various shapes and sizes, a grand piano, a standard lamp with a miniature tent of silk and lace erected over it, flowers, ferns and palms in every available corner, lace curtains partially cutting off the cheerless view of the smoky city square.

Curled up in one of the cosiest easy chairs was a slight dark-eyed girl in a very becoming tea-gown, one hand supporting her chin, the other lying in her lap, fiercely grasping a flimsy lace handkerchief. Her face was not in harmony with the brightness of her surroundings, for tears seemed very near the dark eyes, though her lips had a rebellious expression.

"Mr. Bonway!" a servant announced. And with a smile and a bow Mr. Bonway advanced into the room as the door was closed behind him.

The girl sprang up, and went with both hands outstretched to meet the newcomer.

"Oh, Jim," she cried, "I have something so dreadful to tell you!"

In his hurry to take the outstretched hands the young man dropped his stick, one glove, and a bunch of roses upon the floor.

"Poor Madge—you do seem upset!" he said, looking at her pale cheeks and heavy eyes. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

"You might rather ask what father is going to do. Come and sit down here, and I'll tell you all about it," said Madge, going back to her chair; and her companion quickly seated himself in another by her side.

"Well," he asked—"what is Mr. Donniton going to do?"

"Get married," the girl replied, with doleful brevity.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jim.

"And to that dreadful Mrs. Carlelle, the actress."

"Poor Madge!"

"Oh, Jim, I don't know what I shall do! I cannot live with her—I hate her, the horrid painted old thing!"

"It's jolly hard lines for you," said Bonway.

"I told father I could not possibly live with her; and he said I might find somewhere else to go."

"So you might," Bonway returned eagerly. "Get married yourself."

"I would if I knew any one nice enough; but, as it is, I don't—and there's very little sense in marrying anybody to escape from such a position. It might be like leaving a falling balloon on a parachute and finding that the parachute wouldn't work."

"You needn't come such a cropper as that," said Jim Bonway, half laughing, in spite of the girl's melancholy tones. "There are plenty of nice fellows who would give their eyes for a word of encouragement from you. You know that well enough."

"I know nothing of the kind," Madge Donniton replied severely. "All the men I know are friends. I treat them as I should treat my brother—just as I treat you."

"Oh, I know we are all in the same box! But, if you like to call them brothers they don't regard me as a sister."

"Then they are very silly; for they know quite well that I will not have any nonsense."

"What do you mean by 'nonsense'?" inquired Bonway innocently.

"Flirting, to be sure! Some of you men cannot look at a girl without trying to flirt with her."

"Let me see," Jim said meditatively—"flirting is playing at being in love. You won't have that. But have you any objection to the real thing?"

"Not when the right man comes," she said; and a smile quivered on her lips, a pink color came into her cheeks.

Bonway bit his lips—it was by no means pleasing to him to know that, while ready to listen to the love-making of the "right man," the girl classed him with those whose protestations would not be regarded as serious.

"It is very kind of you to try to divert my thoughts, but this kind of talk won't help me very much—will it?" Madge went on, the pathetic look again on her face. "What am I to do when father brings home that horrid Mrs. Carlelle?"

"I have given you my advice."

"But that is so silly. As if any girl could get married at a moment's notice! Shall I advertise for a husband?"

"No—you need not trouble to do that—I have a better plan. I am your favorite brother—am I not?"

"Yes—because you have always been so sensible."

"Would it be very hard lines to marry me?"

"You?" the girl cried, with a gasp of astonishment. "I never thought of such a thing—and I don't love you a bit more than you do me!"

"I wish that were the truth in one way. Look here, Madge"—bending nearer to the girl, and speaking more earnestly—"I think you care for me a little—we have always been such good friends. I have lectured, and advised, and helped you, and you must know pretty well what sort of fellow I am to get on with. Now which would you rather do—wait here for that woman to come and punish you, as I don't doubt she'll try to do, for some of the nice little snubs you've given her, or marry me and let me take care of you?

"I'll take you to Venice, or anywhere else you care to go to. You may do just what you please, know whom you will, have a new gown every day, and cut a dash with diamonds or anything else you fancy.

"All you will have to do as—as my wife will be to enjoy yourself as much as you can—tell me what you would like, and give me the pleasure of buying it for you."

"That sounds very lovely," Madge replied. "And father grumbles terribly sometimes over my bills. But how should I repay you for all this?"

"My payment would be just your own sweet self."

"Ah, yes—you would expect me to love you very much! And, to be quite truthful, I do not."

"No—I know," the young man replied in grave tones, "that I should content myself with loving you; but that is better than nothing at all."

"But you would not always be contented with that," said Madge. "After a time you would begin bothering me to like you more. You might grow jealous and nasty, and we should begin to quarrel, and——"

"Just try me, Madge," Jim interrupted—"and I will give you my word never to speak of love to you until you say that I may."

"Poor Jim," said Madge, looking kindly at him—"what a very bad bargain you are trying to make for yourself."

"If I am contented," began Jim.

That doesn't make it any better. It is like you, offering to do all this to make things pleasant for me; but it would be pure selfishness on my part to accept your offer."

A new light flashed into Jim Bonway's eyes. Was it possible that she might consent after all? He had scarcely dared to expect it.

"You will accept it though," he said, maintaining his calmness with an effort.

"I do not know," the girl replied, rising restlessly to her feet. "I would do anything to escape meeting that woman here. And yet——"

"My suggestion is no doubt a trifle too hard!" the young man said in a bitter tone.

"Ah, no indeed—it would not be hard to marry you. You have spoiled me so with kindness, I am sure that you would always keep me nice; and I am tempted—sorely tempted—to take you at your word. If I could only be sure it was not wrong—that I should not be injuring you——"

"Don't bother about me!" cried Jim, watching her eagerly. "If I don't marry you, I shall not marry at all; so I can't see that you will do me any harm."

"Shall I say 'Yes?'" questioned Madge, half to herself, looking at her lover with her head a little on one side.

"Throw consideration to the dogs, and say 'Yes,'" cried Jim, springing to his feet. "Well"—moving nearer to her—"shall it be so?"

Madge looked at him half shyly; but, before she could utter the "Yes" that was trembling on her lips, Jim caught her in his arms and kissed her soft cheek and lips.

At the first movement of revolt on Madge's part however, her lover released her and stood before her feeling a culprit. They were standing face to face, but with downcast eyes, and when Madge ventured to look up she was so tickled by the ludicrousness of their position, that in spite of her indignation, she smiled.

Jim did not see the smile; he felt the enormity of his conduct so keenly that he was absolutely ashamed to look into his companion's face.

"I hope you will pardon me!" he said at last. "I was mad! But I will not offend again. You will not change your mind because of this? I really will keep my word! Madge, you believe me"—imploringly.

Madge's smile was gone, and her face was again very grave; but she forgave him for his sudden aberrance, and accepted his assurance of future good behavior with demure gravity; then she said "Good-bye" in a dignified manner.

Jim, though appearing quite cool, scarcely knew what he was doing as he went from the room; and he would have left the house without his hat had not Gredson given him a gentle hint.

* * * * * *

Madge had been married nearly a year, and she had not yet had any reason to repent the step she had taken. Jim had done all he had said he would do, and his wife certainly had everything she could wish for, in pleasure and luxury were the end of her desires.

After spending some months on the Continent, Mr. and Mrs. Bonway had settled in the city, and the young wife soon found that her time was fully occupied in the arduous task of enjoying herself. She was the merriest and most untrammeled of matrons, and enjoyed the good things which came in her way with the same zest that Madge Donniton had shown.

She seemed to be bubbling over with good nature and fun, and had not a single wish that was ungratified. She told Jim one day that she thought friendship was "better than love for marrying on," because it wore better.

Jim accepted the statement with a smile; he did not contradict it, and Madge did not know whether he really agreed with her or not. He kept strictly to his promise, and did not bother his wife with sentiment, so she did not know whether he was contented with his one-sided bargain, or whether his love for her had burnt itself out.

She sometimes felt curious on this point; but apparently she had no time to waste thought on such trifles. She was the centre of a very gay circle, and still had a large number of male friends, many of them being the brothers of old, who had accepted her marriage with the best grace they could and remained her firm friends. She scolded and advised them as before, introduced them to nice girls, and listened to their confidences with quite a maternal air.

Some of these confidences were unique in their way; and if Jim and she did indulge in a laugh over some of them, they never went any farther. Madge told Jim everything, knowing she could trust him; and many a young fellow who found himself unexpectedly helped over some awkwark rock ahead never knew whom he had to thank for it.

"Jim, do you think I am fast?" Madge asked her husband one day. They had finished breakfast, and Jim had been absorbed in his morning paper, while his wife glanced through a pile of correspondence.

"Eh?" said Jim, looking up a little vacantly. "'Fast?' That depends upon what the word means"—putting down his paper and appearing to be quite ready to give the matter the fullest consideration. "You don't smoke. You are not horsey. You don't show your great superiority to our sex by copying us in every way you can. You're not profound in the knowledge of slang. You don't lecture or drive tandem. It seems to me you are disgracefully backward in your education."

"Disgracefully!" agreed Madge. "But there is time yet for improvement. I shall soon become advanced."

"At your peril!" cried her husband, glancing at her mischievous face. "What made you ask the question?"

"Because, at Mrs. Congreve's last night I heard myself described as 'that fast Mrs. Bonway.' Also I heard someone say: "She isn't content with a husband, my dear—I daresay she only married him for his money—but she always has a dozen or more lovers dangling after her!'"

"Who said that?" demanded Jim, looking very angry.

"Two sour old gossips. I didn't know them," Madge returned airily.

"I'd like to knock their heads together—false-tongued old cats!" cried Jim.

"It isn't worth while getting wild over it," said Madge, secretly pleased to see how angry her husband was. "They were spiteful old things; but it doesn't matter if it isn't true. I asked you only that I might be sure."

"I should think," said Jim drily, "you might have known without asking me whether you had half a dozen lovers dangling after you."

"Of course I knew that was untrue," Madge replied calmly. "It was the fastness I wasn't quite sure about. Am I fast? Just tell me truthfully what you think of me."

Jim looked away from his wife's sparkling eyes. What would she say if he told but a tithe of what he really thought of her? He longed very often to do so, but he feared to upset their present good understanding.

She treated him with such frank friendliness now. What would be the result if he did break his promise, and redeclare his love, which might be not only unwelcome but also distasteful to her.

Madge's countenance fell as Jim remained silent. Had he really any doubt as to how to answer her question.

"Jim," she said reproachfully, "you don't think it true?"

"True?" cried Jim, in a surprised tone. Then, recollecting, "Oh, I had forgotten your first question. I was simply wondering whether my opinion of yourself might not turn your head, if I expressed it, and I have decided to withhold it until you are older and steadier.

"You're a stupid old boy!" said Madge quite relieved.

"What are you going to do to-day?" asked Jim, as he left the table.

"I am going for a ride with Max; and we have promised to take luncheon with the Davidsons'."

"Oh, you must excuse me there. I have to run down to Swansett again. Is Donniton going to the Davidsons'?"

"Yes; but I wanted you to come."

"I'm sorry I can't. You see they are getting on so slowly with those alterations. It would be awful annoying if the place wasn't ready for us by August—and I know Johnson won't do anything until I've settled about those windows."

"Well, I suppose I must put up with Max again," said Madge. "By-the-way"—looking as if she had just remembered something—"I've another weighty question to ask you. Do you think it right, in any circumstances, for a wife to run away from her husband?"

"She may be excused from running away from a brute—but not for going off with another man," Jim replied. "Has any one been asking your advice upon the matter?"

"Oh, no! It was Max and I talking about——" She broke off abruptly, as if she had nearly said something she did not wish to say. "I mean," she con-

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tinued hastily, trying to cover her confusion—"Max and I had an argument, and we didn't agree. We were talking about someone we knew of——"

"Interesting, I dare say," said Jim, who had given his wife but a very divided attention. "But I must be off, or I shall miss my train. Ta, ta!"

"I wish Jim wasn't always running down to Swansett," muttered Madge, as she watched her husband leave the house. "He scarcely ever goes out with me now; and Max—— Oh, dear, there he is—and I promised to be ready for him!" With a glance at the clock, Madge ran from the room and went to don her riding-habit.

* * * * * * *

Max Donniton was a cousin of Madge's. She had not seen him for several years until, a little while since, when she came across him at Nice; but since she and her husband had been in town they had seen a great deal of him, for he spent most of his time at the Bonways' house. He had travelled a great deal, and Madge found him a most entertaining companion.

There soon sprang up between them a very intimate friendship, and Madge would have felt herself decidedly at a loss if her cousin had not been ready at her beck and call to escort her to one place or another.

He received invitations to most of the entertainments to which the Bonways were invited, and it began to be remarked that Mrs. Bonway appeared oftener in her cousin's society than in her husband's.

Mr. Bonway's time was much taken up by the alterations he was having made at Swansett. He stayed there for days together, leaving Madge in Donniton's charge, glad that his wife should have some one with her during his absence. Sometimes the calm friendliness with which Madge treated her husband was almost too much for his patience. He felt at times that his whole life was being wasted over a fruitless desire. Occasionally he even doubted whether it would not have been better for both of them had they never married.

During such fits of depression, he was pleased enough to find some excuse for not going out with Madge, and Donniton was generally at hand to take his place.

One evening however, after seeing Madge and Donniton go off to a dance together, Jim changed his mind, and instead of staying at home, looked in at the dance late in the evening to see if Madge was ready to return home. He went through several rooms without seeing anything of her, and then met a friend and stopped to have a chat with him.

"Seen Mrs. Bonway? Ah, yes—she's in the conservatory!" said his friend, in answer to Jim's inquiry; and then the two went on to converse upon various matters.

They were standing by the door of the conservatory, and both heard a part of the conversation of a couple who were approaching them.

"I wonder what the husband can be thinking of," said the lady—"allowing those two to go about as they do? They have been sitting in there for over an hour. It is getting quite a scandal; and someone ought to tell Mr. Bon——"

The name was left unfinished, but the conscious look on the speaker's face as her eyes met Jim's was a revelation in itself.

Jim drew himself up stiffly, and his face grew pale. His friend watched him covertly, continuing to talk, though he was conscious that his words were unheeded; and he secretly admired Jim Bonway's nerve, for, save for the sudden pallor, there had not been a sign of inward disturbance on the handsome clean-cut face.

At the first opportunity Jim bade his loquacious friend "Good night" and went on to find his wife. It was not long before he saw Madge and her cousin sitting in the dim light talking earnestly together. So engrossed were they in their conversation that Jim was able to approach them quite closely before either looked up.

Madge was the first to do so; and, as her eyes fell upon her husband's face, a sudden look of anxiety appeared on her own.

"Jim!" she said, in a startled tone. And then she stared at him blankly.

Donniton was evidently confused, but he managed to face him coolly enough.

"Come in time for the last dance, haven't you?" he asked, shutting up Madge's large feather fan.

"I thought you might be ready to come home, Madge," said Jim. "I've been looking for you some time."

"I'm afraid we have been here rather an unconscionable time!" Madge replied, rising. "I was too tired to dance, and Max has been sitting out with me. What have you been doing with yourself?"—looking at his pale face. "You look tired to death!"

"Smoking too many cigars!" he said, forcing a smile. He made up his mind to appear as usual, having no desire to assume the role of the jealous husband for the amusement of his friends. "Is this your cloak?"

Madge nodded, and he flung the fur cloak over her shoulders and offered her his arm.

"Are you coming now, Donniton?" he asked.

"I can't! I'm engaged for the last dance."

As the three went back to the ball room together, they seemed to be a very merry trio. Donniton was still bewailing the fact that he was being engaged for the last dance.

As Madge passed through the long room, some of the ladies compared the two men accompanying her, and wondered at her taste. Donniton was a very ordinary-looking man, with a well-tanned face and sandy moustache; while Jim Bonway, with his commanding presence, proudly-set head, and clear-cut features, was not one to be easily passed over, however great a crowd he might be in.

Donniton said "good-bye" to them at the top of the stairs, and Jim breathed a sigh of relief when at last he and his wife drove off together. Scarcely a word was spoken at first; Jim's flow of conversation flagged when he found himself shut up in the carriage with his wife.

"Are you very tired, Jim?" asked Madge, bending forward to look at his face, dimly conscious of some change in him.

"Tired to death."

"Poor old fellow! Why did you trouble to come for me? I was safe enough with Max."

Jim set his teeth, but he did not utter a word.

"Jim," Madge began again, after a brief silence, "are you—are you cross with me?"

"Why should I be?" he asked.

"I don't know really, only you are not like yourself—somehow——"

Her husband did not answer.

"Are you ill?" she asked in an anxious tone.

"I've a headache, and don't want to talk," he replied curtly.

With an astonished gasp Madge leaned back in the carriage. It was the first time that Jim had ever repulsed her. Yet curiously she felt that she had been expecting it. Something she had dreaded had come at last. Jim no longer loved her, and now he would find out how she had wronged him.

She shivered, and drew her cloak more closely around her; but Jim, who was wont to notice the slightest movement on her part, took no notice.

When at last they had reached home, each was struck by the other's appearance.

"Good-night, Jim," said Madge in a low tone. After her swift surprised glance at her husband, she had not raised her eyes, and Jim groaned inwardly as he watched her. Why should she stand so embarrassed and ashamed before him?

"You are not looking very well!" he said bitterly. "Yet you seemed all right when I met you."

"I am tired," she answered listlessly.

"Is that all?"

"And miserable, I think"—in a tremulous voice.

"Why should you be miserable?" Jim demanded harshly.

Madge did not seem to hear him however. Going nearer to him, she laid a trembling hand upon his arm, and said nervously:

"I want to tell you how sorry I am! It was such a mistake, was it not? I am so sorry—so very sorry"—wistfully—"that I let you marry me! Why did you let me do it?" she continued more passionately. "I knew it could not be right; and now you must be as sorry as I am, and long, as I do, for freedom. Oh, I would give anything to undo the wrong I have done you!"

Madge stood for a few moments, struggling to keep back the fast-rising tears; but she could not restrain them, and, with a sob, she turned and went hastily from the room.

Jim uttered but one word, "Madge!" in a low anguished voice. He kept his eyes fixed upon his wife until she had passed from his sight, and then, with a groan, he sank into a chair, and, placing his arms upon the table, let his head fall hopelessly upon them.

He repeated to himself the words Madge had uttered—the cruel words which had dashed his one hope, that she had not knowingly betrayed him. She knew she had wronged him, and her one desire was to be free.

Jim could only wonder that he had not noticed her preference for Donniton's society long ago. His perfect trust in his wife was his sole excuse; now that that was shattered he saw things in a different light, and many scenes came back to his memory with a new significance.

Max Donniton must be made to understand that his company could be dispensed with. In a few weeks he and Madge would be at Swansett, and all would go on as usual.

Donniton should not be one of their autumn house party—the invitation given to him should be cancelled; and afterwards they would have to make the best of their lives, he and Madge, hiding their mutual disappointment. To the world they would appear united, however wide the chasm which existed between them secretly.

* * * * * * *

Donniton left the city a few days after the dance at which Jim had unexpectedly appeared to take his wife home. He was going North, and might have to proceed to Naples, so he was quite uncertain as to when he would return to London; but he hoped to see the Bonways at Swansett, if they had left town when he returned.

Jim was unspeakably glad to know that Donniton was not living in the same town as Madge; but, as the days passed on, he began to feel very bitterly towards his wife. She was growing thin and pale; she did not care to do anything; she excused herself from most of her engagements, and would go nowhere if she could help it. A few days after Max Donniton had left London, she took a slight chill and was obliged to stay in her room.

When she came down to breakfast again as usual, she looked so wan and pale that Jim's pity for her was alloyed with a feeling of most bitter jealousy. He had no doubt that she was fretting over Donniton's absence. He remained at home with her, trying to keep her amused; but he found it dreary work, for he could not help seeing that his wife was very ill at ease in his presence.

Madge thanked him nervously for any little thing he did for her, and apologized several times for troubling him so much. She was so unlike her usual fun-loving self that Jim quite welcomed the appearance of a servant as an interruption at breakfast one morning. It was a telegram that the man brought in, and Jim uttered a sharp exclamation when he read it.

"What is it, Jim?" asked Madge, in a frightened tone. "Is anything wrong? Has Max sent——"

"Is it my mother," replied Jim, frowning heavily as she uttered Donniton's name. "She has been thrown from her carriage. Here, you may read it. I must be off at once. Don't expect me home to-night—I may have to stay. Anyhow, I will let you know how things are."

He hurried from the room. Madge went after him, and, finding him in his room, said timidly:—

"Shall I come with you, Jim?"

"You?" Jim began, and then paused. During the last few days he had grown to distrust Madge, and he feared to leave her by herself in her present state of mind. He did not like going off without her now, though Donniton was safely out of the way, but he felt sure she was not in a fit condition to undertake the journey. He hesitated, but another look at her wan face decided him. "No," he said, gravely. "You're not fit to travel. If I have to stay, I'll wire, and you can follow me to-morrow."

Madge submitted without a murmur.

"Perhaps your mother is not so very ill. Laura is very easily scared, isn't she?" she said, trying to comfort him, for she knew that Jim was passionately attached to his mother.

He did not answer, being busily engaged in strapping his portmanteau. With a hasty "good-bye," he ran downstairs, and Madge heard the sound of his departing hansom as she followed him more slowly.

She went into the library, a favorite room of hers, and, with a book held idly before her, gave way to some of the saddest thoughts that had ever oppressed her. Her reflections were at last interrupted by the arrival of another telegram which she read eagerly. It was from Max Donniton, and read:—

"Meet me at Waterloo. I claim the fulfilment of your promise. Am going at once to Garston."

It was not what she had expected, and at first she could only stare at the message in blank dismay.

"I do not want to go—not to day," she said to herself. "Yet he will expect me—for I did promise."

She rose slowly, and the telegram fluttered to her feet. She wished very much that the message had not been sent to her on that day, so unfit did she feel to do what Donniton wanted her to do. She was so tired; so weak! Yet she would have to keep her promise.

Yes, she would keep her promise; and with a glance at the clock, she was moving from the room, but suddenly paused. Should she leave a letter for Jim? She went to the library table and moved some papers lying there, thinking deeply the while. No, she decided, it was scarcely worth while. He might not return for days.

At that moment, however, he was on his way home. He had been to Brockwell, where his mother resided, and was rather indignant when he discovered how greatly his sister's fears had magnified the extent of his mother's injury. She had bruised her arm badly, and was very much shaken, but that was all. Jim felt that he had been needlessly summoned and refused to stay, saying that he had an important engagement in London.

As he alighted at Waterloo he was met by a friend, to whom earlier in the day he had imparted the news of his mother's accident, and who looked rather surprised to see him.

"Hallo, Bonway!" he cried. "Back already? Has Mrs. Bonway gone to take your place at Brockwell?"

"Oh, no," Jim replied, and detailed his grievance.

"I'm glad matters are no worse. I thought they were serious when I saw Mrs. Bonway going off just now.

"My wife?" cried Jim. "When did you see her?"

"Ten minutes ago. Donniton was with her on the down platform."

"I'm sorry she has gone; she can do no good," said Jim, feeling as if he had been dealt a sudden blow.

When he arrived at home he inquired for Madge, though he knew what the answer would be.

"She is gone, sir," the man informed him.

"Gone where?"

"To Brockwell, I thought, sir. She went off to Waterloo Station directly your telegram came. Can I get you anything, sir—tea——"

"No," said Jim, "I am going out again. Did your mistress leave any message for me?"

"I don't know, sir—I'll inquire."

Jim turned into the nearest room, trying to recover himself and decide what was the best step to take. On entering the library he saw lying upon the table the envelope in which his wife's telegram had come; the next moment he had picked up the telegram from the floor. As he read it, he breathed fast and heavily. Madge had left him; but as yet he felt no anger against her—all his rage was directed against Donniton. He clenched his hands involuntarily as he thought of him.

Garston? That was the name of a little rural station he had often noticed on his way to Brockwell. He would go there.

It was not until he was in the train that the thought occurred to him that he might be on a false scent, that the telegram might have been purposely left in his way to decoy him in one direction while the fugitives escaped in another.

He rose and seized the handle of the door, then fell back into his seat again. What good could he do? Better go on and seek a clue at Garston. If he failed, he could return to London and seek one in another direction.

With feverish irrepressible impatience he watched the stations fly past, straining his eyes for the name that seemed to be beating into his brain with every throb of the engine; and, when at last he saw it, he sprang out on to the platform and was questioning the station master almost before the train stopped.

The station master, who was also the ticket collector, remembered the arrival of a lady and gentleman earlier in the

day, and knew they had gone to Fairlea Farm, because his boy Jack had gone to the Garston Arms for a carriage, and he had heard the address given. When he learned that the lady had called the gentleman "Max," there was not the slightest doubt left in Jim's mind that he was on the right track.

Fairlea Farm was a snug-looking old-fashioned homestead. The house faced the road. Jim walked up the trim narrow pathway bordered with old-world flowers, and, entering the porch, knocked at the green door, which stood wide open. He knocked twice without attracting any attention, and so he walked into the narrow passage and paused outside a closed door.

Before he could knock it was opened from within, and he found himself, without any warning, face to face with his wife. She did not see him at first, for her eyes were full of tears, and, as with one hand she pulled to the door behind her, with the other she was feeling for her pocket, to find a handkerchief.

Jim stared at her pretty flushed face and tear filled eyes, but he could not utter a word. The suddenness of the meeting seemed to have taken away all power of speech. He could only stand still until Madge nearly touched him. Finding an obstacle in her way, she looked up, and then, very much to Jim's dismay, threw herself into his arms, and cried softly on his shoulder.

Jim did not know how to act; he was not prepared for what had taken place. In a few moments however his mental balance was restored; and then, without a word, he tried to put Madge away from him. But he found it difficult to do so; for, when he took hold of her arms to thrust her from him, she quite mistook his intention, and, pressing closer to him, slipped one arm over her shoulder.

This was intolerable. Jim felt that he must get rid of his burden somehow, if he wished to retain his self-respect. He moved forward, and was going to open the door of the room from which Madge had come, when his wife stopped him.

"Don't go in there!" she said earnestly.

"Is Donniton there?"

"Yes; and—— Oh, you must not Jim"—swiftly placing herself before the door. "It would be a shame to disturb them now, and I am sure"—a smile appearing on her tear-stained face—"they would pay no attention if you did."

"They?" Jim cried. "What are you talking about?"

"Max—and his silly little runaway wife. Why, Jim—are you ill?"—for her husband had staggered and turned so pale that Madge hastened to his side, thinking he might fall.

"Come into the open air," she said, anxiously watching the changing expression of his face, "and tell me what is the matter. Is your mother very ill?"

"No."

She sat down upon the seat in the porch, and drew him down beside her.

"What is it, then? Why did you come here?" She was looking at him with her usual frank expression, and had thrust her hand under his arm, as she had been wont to do before the cloud came between them; and then Jim realized that he had been suffering needlessly. Madge was still true.

"Tell me first," he said, after looking into her eyes, "what are you doing here?"

"Ah, I am the benevolent fairy," she replied. "I've been reconciling two devoted lovers. Just as you came in I had left them in each other's arms, and was crying in sympathy. You did not know that Max had a wife? No—I only heard it a short time back. She is the daughter of the good folk this farm belongs to, and Max was keeping his marriage a secret, that he might educate her a little before presenting her to his people.

"Well, someone persuaded the little silly that a secret marriage was no better than none at all, and she ran away. Max didn't find out for a long time where she was; when he did, he couldn't persuade her that her marriage was legal. I think that she was afraid to believe him, and she managed to slip away again. It was after this that Max told me about her, and I promised that, when he found out where she was, I would go and see what I could do.

"Max told her father and mother everything, and so, when she ventured to go home, they telegraphed to her husband, and he sent for me, and I—I put everything to rights. Now, you know why I am here; perhaps you will tell me why you are here?"

Jim had already decided that the reason of his being at Fairlea Farm should be a secret forever, but he gave a somewhat lame explanation of his presence. Perhaps, had Madge not been so engrossed with the events which had just happened her suspicions might have been aroused by his very halting narrative.

"She is such a little beauty, Jim!" Madge went on. "You must stay and see her—that is, if Max can spare her for a few minutes. They have been married over a year, but they are not so cool——" She stopped and bit her lip.

"What were you going to say?" Jim asked.

"Only that they are not as we are. Max is very much in love with his wife—still."

"Am I not in love with my wife—still?" asked Jim, putting one arm round her. "Madge, am I never to have any love from my wife?"

He felt her give a start, and saw the glad light in the eyes that were raised for a moment to his; and then he waited.

"Jim," said Madge, in a low tremulous voice, after a brief pause, "do you still care for me?"

He drew her closer to his side, and bent his face down to hers.

"I think I'll confess, then," said Madge, accepting his caress as an answer. "You know, Jim, you have kissed me only once in your life, and I knew then that I cared for you, for I did not mind it a bit; and, if it had been any one else, it would have been horrid. No—not yet, please—I want to tell you that I would have let you off that silly promise, only it was so difficult to do so at first, and you were so very proper—and—and—well behaved. Then afterwards you grew cold, and I thought you were disappointed in me; and so—well, it is difficult for a woman to tell a man she likes being kissed—isn't it?"

Jim immediately took his revenge.

It was not for some time that Madge could ask a question which she was very eager to put.

"I want to know," she said, smoothing her hair and sitting up, "why you were so cross with me that night—you know when I mean. I really thought you hated me then."

"It was a touch of the green-eyed monster," said Jim. "I thought you too fond of Donniton's society."

"Oh, you silly boy! Because we were so long in the conservatory? Why, he was only telling me about his own runaway wife."

NATURE'S COMPASS.

The many different methods to determine the cardinal points while on the mountains, in both heavy timber and small bush, or upon the featureless expanse of a great marsh, are exceedingly numerous and reliable enough for all practical purposes during an every-day life in the bush, unless a very long journey is to be made, which would require a number of days, and would make it necessary to hold on a very fine point while making so long a distance.

We will first take notes on the coniferous trees, pines, firs, spruce, cedars, hemlocks, etc. The bark in these is always lighter in color, harder and dryer on the south side of the tree; while it is in color much darker, is also damper, and often covered with moss and mold on the north side.

The gum that oozes out from wounds, knot holes, etc., is usually hard and often of beautiful amber color on the south side, while on the northern side it remains sticky longer and gets covered with insects and dirt, seldom drying out to more than a dirty gray in color.

On large trees that have rough bark, especially during the fall and winter months, the nests and webs of insects, spiders, etc., will always be found in the crevices on the south side.

A preponderance of large branches will also be found on the warmest or southern side of the trees. Also, the needles of all the above-mentioned trees are shorter, dryer, and of a yellowish green on the southern side, while they will be found longer, more slender and pliable, damper to the touch, and darker green in color on the north side.

The cedars, and hemlocks, as if trying to outdo the others, always bend their slender tops of growth toward the southern sky.

The hardwood trees are equally as communicative, and have all the characteristics, so far as regards their trunk, as the coniferous trees, except the absence of gums; but this is more than made up by the fungus growth of mold and mosses, that is very noticeable on the north side of these trees.

The ledges of rocks, which may be part of stupendous mountains or merely an occasional cropping out here and there in the woods, or, perhaps, some great bowlder alone by itself, a silent witness of the glacial period, all alike testify to the effects of light and shade. The sunny side will usually be bare, or, at most, boast of only a thin growth of harsh, dry kinds of mosses, that will grow only when having the light, while the northern side will be found damp and moldy, often covered with a luxuriant growth of soft, damp mosses that love the shade, while every crevice will bear aloft beautiful and gracefully waving ferns.

The forest floor on the sunny side of hills, ridges, clumps of trees, bushes, big rocks, etc., is more noisy under the foot-fall than on the northern side of such places, where the dead leaves and litter are soft and damp, holding more moisture than in places exposed to the light of the sun.

In an open country nearly void of timber, clumps of small bushes during summer will furnish all the conditions found to exist among the leaves of the trees, being equally sensitive to light and shade as are the monarchs of the woods.

The landscape, green with moving grasses and beautiful to the eye, which feasts on the countless numbers of wild flowers, representing every form and hue known in the flowery kingdom, also furnishes a reliable guide for locating the cardinal points, as most wild flowers, especially the long-stemmed varieties hide their faces from the north and, like the sunflower, turn toward the southern sky.

Large bowlders, clumps of small bushes, mounds, and small hummocks all testify, too, for the ground around such places exposed to the sun will be burned nearly bare of vegetation or parched up until of a dead grass color, while on the shady side it will be found quite green; and often here there are growing mosses and ferns of rare beauty, which thrive only where they have moisture and shade.

EXTRAORDINARY.—Showers from the sky are not always of water merely, as is usually the case when it rains in this country, for there is as much difference between the various classes of showers as there is between chalk and cheese.

In July last, for instance, in Jerusalem a most remarkable shower took place. For several hours there was a perfect deluge of ants filling the air, and settling on the streets and houses.

Visitors to the Holy Sepulchre were obliged to use their handkerchiefs constantly to keep the insects out of their nostrils. They are believed to be a precursor of an earthquake, and, in fact, two shocks of earthquake were felt in Jerusalem the same evening.

In both this and other countries there have been frequent showers of frogs. In the description of one that occurred in Lincolnshire in the early part of this century, it was said that the small frogs came down all alive, jumping about on the pavement and tumbling down the spouts from the tiles of the houses into the water-tubs.

There have been showers of fishes, wheat, sulphur, and other curious animals and things, all supposed to be the result of whirlwinds catching them up into the air, and, after carrying them longer or shorter distances, dropping them in showers on the earth's surface.

Showers of rain, too, have been recorded of various colors, including black and red, some of the latter having every appearance of blood.

A MAN'S ELEVATION.—The real difference between the elevation of an inanimate object and that of a man is that the force which raises the one must come from without, and that which raises the other must come from within. It is an external impetus from the hand of the boy that sends the ball high up in the air; it is the strength of the wind that whirls the leaf aloft; it is the action of gases that lifts the balloon out of our sights, and the power of steam that heaves the granite from its rocky bed. In a certain way man, too, may be lifted by eternal pressure. Wealth may be poured in upon him by some turn of Fortune's wheel, and his condition changed from poverty to ease and comfort. Society now opens doors to him that were closed before, and he is welcomed into circles which he had never expected to enter. But is he thus really elevated? Like the balloon, his position in the world is altered, but, also like the balloon, he is himself the same that he was before.

At Home and Abroad.

Ex King Milan of Servia is credited with having no respect for any woman. One day he was losing at a Paris gambling saloon, when he turned roughly upon a lady, who was standing behind his chair, and said: "I wish you would go away. I never have bad luck excepting when you are there." "Pardon me, she retorted, "I was not there when you ran away from the Bulgarians nor when you lost your crown."

The average of human life, is about thirty-years. One quarter die previous to the age of seven years, one-half before reaching seventeen, and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to the rest of the human species. To every 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100, only six reach the age of sixty-five, and not more than one in 500 lives to eighty years of age. There are on earth 1 500 000,000 inhabitants, and of these 33 333,333 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,730 every hour, and sixty every minute, or one every second.

Of the life of the German Emperor and his suite on board the "Hohenzollern," the chatter of the sailors has disclosed some curious facts. The Emperor hobnobs with individual members of his suite as though they were his equals. He is very fond of lively company and harmless pleasures. The sailors, too, have to contribute to the entertainment of their royal master. Some of them are good acrobats and conjurers, while others win applause for their amusing songs. The Emperor arranges handicap races among his men and presents medals, suitably inscribed, as prizes.

It is now stated by the all-wise medical man so often quoted, that persons who cycle much find it impossible to perform the graceful movements required by waltzing. The muscles that are brought into play by dancing are deadened by riding a wheel. The lightness of toe so necessary to a waltz becomes impossible to the man or woman who is continually pedaling, as the one set action contracts the muscles, and the whirling, twirling, motion of a dance can only be performed in a clumsy fashion. The continual bending over makes the upright posture painful. A moderate use of the wheel, however, would have no great affect upon the average man or woman.

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LUCAS COUNTY

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Our Young Folks.

SEEING THE WORLD.

BY S. C.

WHITE-PAW was a young mouse that lived with his mother, a gentle, unambitious, contented body, who never had had an aspiration in her life.

Their home was in a barn, behind some sacks of corn, a marvel of comfort, as they thought; and when a strong sunbeam flashed in upon them at midday, "That is the sun," quoth Mrs. Mouse; and when a ray of the moon stole in like a fairy, "That is the moon," quoth the simple creature, and thought she was very wise to know so much.

As for the stars, which go their nightly courses, and tell in their beautiful language, of so much that is great and grand away from earth with its glitter and show, I do not suppose Mrs. Mouse ever thought of such nightly travelers up high above all our heads, even the tallest and wisest.

But little White-paw, Mrs. Mouse's son, was of a more inquisitive, questioning turn of mind, and queer little dreams and fancies would come to him as he frisked, played, and rejoiced in that one flash of sunshine, that one gleam of moonlight, as his sun, his moon, with never a star to wink and twinkle at him. But there came an end to all his aimless friskings, dreams and fancies, for one day he put the astounding question to his stay-at-home mother:

"Mother, what is the world?"

"A great, terrible place!" was the answer, and Mrs. Mouse looked as grave as a judge.

"How do you know, mother; have you ever been there?" queried the young hopeful.

"No, child; I shudder to think of it;" and mother was all shivers and shakes.

"But why, mother?" queried the mite of a creature, as boys and girls are wont to ask the whys and wherefores of their elders' views and theories.

"Your father was lost in the great world, my son"—Mrs. Mouse's voice was very solemn now.

"Ah!" returned her son, not at all daunted; "that was for want of knowing better."

"Knowing better? Why he was the wisest mouse alive!" said the faithful spouse, who had loved and lost.

"I couldn't have been alive then, as I am the wisest mouse alive now. I shall do better than my father," soliloquised White-paw to himself, his little head bent on one paw; aloud he said, "Mother, I've made up my mind to go and see the world myself," at which Mrs. Mouse held up her paws in distress and amazement.

"Well, good-bye, mother," squeaked the little would-be-adventurer.

"So soon, my son; so soon! Oh, what has the world you are so eager to seek done for you or me?" moaned Mrs. Mouse.

"Say that when I come back, mother, the wonder of all the mice in the neighborhood;" but his mother still wept, gave him a great hug, and he was gone.

He had not gone many steps when he met Mr. Gaffer Graybeard, a sage old mouse, whose words were words of wisdom.

"Well, where are you off to, Mr. Pertnose?" he questioned, as the young traveler whisked by.

"I'm off to see the world," was the answer.

"Then good-bye, if that's where you are bound for, for I never expect to see you again," said the old wiseacre, dryly.

"I see no fear; at any rate, I'll take my chance," rejoined the other.

"Ah! chance! there spoke a young silly pate," quote the elder. "Take an old mouse's advice and beware of mouse traps."

"Mouse traps! What are mouse traps?" questioned White-paw.

"You'll know them when you see them. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," responded the younger. He trotted on, and Gaffer Graybeard gazed after him, shading his eyes with his paw.

"Deary me, deary me! The world and he will make a pretty mess of it, I fear me;" thus thinking, he went on his way.

And White-paw went on his way. Just outside the barn he met another young mouse, who was a stranger to him.

"Good morning! Where are you going?" asked he who was not White-paw.

"I'm off to see the world."

"That's just where I'm going; we'll both go together." And so they did, right merrily, and proudly, too, for they even put on a self-confident little swagger, as into the farmyard they trotted.

"Oh, how big the world is!" said White-paw, rising on his hind legs, to survey all around him.

"And what queer creatures live in the world!" said the other, as the cocks crowed, the hens clucked, the chickens cheeped, the cows lowed, the pigs grunted, and through an iron grate, they could see sheep in a paddock which were bleating, while the house-dog yelped and barked, as is he enjoyed the clamor of many voices.

"Yes, we shall surprise the folks at home when we get back;" so they talked, making a tour of the yard.

"But we sha'n't know much, unless we ask questions," remarked White-paw, as they came across a friendly-looking pig.

"Please, sir," asked the wee simple thing, "are you a mouse?" which made the pig pause and consider.

"Yes, if you like to call me so, I don't care," and the little friends believed him.

"Oh! there are great black mice, great white mice, and great spotted mice in the world," said White-paw, and looked very wise.

Now a cow stared at them.

"Please, sir, are you a mouse?" queried White-paw's companion.

"Sir! I'm no sir! Get out of my way, or I'll tell you if I'm not a mouse," so lowed the offended cow, and chewed the cud in quiet scorn.

"Not a very civil mouse," remarked White-paw. "There are great big mice with horns, very uncivil, in the world." He then looked around upon the cocks and hens. "Please, are you and your friends mice?" he questioned of an old amiable-looking hen with one chick.

"Oh, bless you, yes, if folks like to call us so—what's in a name?" clucked the hen, blinking at them with her round eyes.

"Queer mice, these, but civil spoken," whispered the two friends together, "they have only two legs, and some have tongues outside their mouths." And now up to the dog they made their way.

"Please, are you a mouse, sir?" but the dog yelped, barked, and snapped so, that they ran away in terror.

In their eager haste to get clear of the dog, they had not heeded where they were going, but pounced into the kitchen of the farmhouse, where a large tabby cat lay dozing by the fire. But no sooner did they appear, than she arose to meet them.

"What a polite fat mouse!" remarked White-paw. "Please, ma'am——" but pussy's eyes, with their horrid glare, silenced his tongue.

Alas! his poor little friend! alas! alas! There was a cry, a crunching of bones, and White-paw fled, fled away into the pantry—a large pantry full of savory smells.

His heart cried out for his friend, but the smell of toasted cheese made his mouth water. It must be toasted cheese; he had heard of it, but never tasted it, had never smelt such a luxury before, but it must be this dainty of dainties, and round the pantry he went, sniff, sniff, sniffing with his little nose, in the most comical way imaginable.

Yes, there it was on the floor, in a peculiar sort of box with three large entrances to it: ah! and here it was again, too, smelling dalntier than ever, in a small thing very like an open mouth.

There were teeth, sharp looking teeth, too, there, but White-paw did not know a mouse-gin or trap when he saw it. White-paw was very hungry, and began eagerly to nibble the tempting bait. Clash! the silly creature was caught, he had indeed come to see the world.

"Mother! mother!" he moaned, and wrung his small fore-paws with anguish, but one of his hinder legs and tail were crushed between the murderous teeth: he was a little prisoner.

How he struggled and moaned, and thought of his father. Should he be lost in the great world, and never go back wise and great to make proud his mother's heart? A little squeaking sound made him look round, and a limping old mouse with three legs stood beside him.

"Struggle hard, my son, struggle hard, my son, better lose a leg and tail than your life. See, I was such as you," and he held up a poor limb that had been mangled and torn, but healed over. "How came you here?" he asked.

"I come to see the world, and it's a terrible place." As White-paw spoke, he struggled himself free, but, alas! the point of his tail and one paw lay behind in the gin.

"Never mind, my son; never mind; let us hop away for our lives." And off they went, two poor halting creatures, to a nook the elder cripple knew of.

"The world is full of traps and gins, baited with toasted cheese to tempt the simple, but it is not such a bad place for some, the great and the wise, who have eyes to see.

"But go home, and take this advice with you, that small creatures were intended to fill small corners, everybody keeps to his work. I have learnt this since I went out, like you, to see the world, and got caught; and also, that my world lay in the corner where nature placed me;" so spoke the old mouse.

"And ought all to stay at home?" asked poor White-paw, writhing with pain.

"No, some must start, of course, but only wise heads can keep clear of gins and traps. But now, good-bye, for you will be best at home."

They parted, White-paw in tears, and in tears he neared home, but he brushed them away, and pretended he was not lame as he crept into his dear peaceful home, to his fond mother's side.

"Mother, I've seen the world," said he, bravely.

"My dear son, what is it like?" asked Mrs. Mouse, hugging him, as if he had been given back to her from death.

"Ah! it's a grand place; there are great black mice, great white ones, and great spotted ones; uncivil mice with horns and red backs, some with two legs, and I know not what beside."

"Mercy me! mercy me!" cried the mother, holding up her two paws.

"And, mother," said the small thing sadly, "I've learned what a mouse-trap is; Mr. Gaffer Graybeard said I should, and I have."

"What is that about Mr. Gaffer Graybeard?" and that gentleman himself walked in.

"I've learned what a mouse-trap is," said White-paw meekly.

"Ah! then," quoth the aged sage, "you've not seen the world in vain."

"And I'm going to stay at home till I'm wise, before I go to see the world again."

"Right, my son, right," was the rejoinder, "and you are ripening for it fast now."

"But I haven't been so silly as father, though," squeaked the mite in reply.

CURIOUS LAW SUIT.—It is said that more remarkable things happen in Southern France than in any other part of the world, chiefly on account of the wonderful imagination that the people there have.

But now and again these remarkable things are not dependent on the imagination of the inhabitants. One has recently come to light through a law-suit at Narbonne, the particulars of which are reported in the Paris papers.

The complainant in the case made oath that he was one day dining on the "terrace," or open-air space fronting on the pavement where French people are wont to take their meals in summer. He had just begun to eat his soup, when it occurred to him to count some money that he had only a short time before received.

In counting it he accidentally let fall a hundred-franc banknote into his soup. He took it out of his plate with his fork and sent the soup away; but the note was saturated, and he laid it down upon the tablecloth to dry.

He was going on with his meal, when a little gust of wind blew the note off the table. He flew after it, but a wandering dog which had been hungrily watching the meal was quicker than he, and seized it. The taste of the soup on the paper made it palatable to the animal, and it was swallowed in an instant.

And then the man who owned the note was, though bursting with rage, reduced to the humiliation and insincerity of saying, "Good doggie! Come here, nice doggie!" and to wheedling endearments in order to get near enough to the animal to read the name on the collar.

He succeeded; and, when he had made a note of the name, he assisted the "good doggie's" rapid departure. Next he brought suit against the man who owned the dog for the restitution of the one hundred francs; and the court at Narbonne, after hearing the evidence and the pleas at great length, decided that the owner of the dog must pay the other man the money.

The World's Events.

No bird of prey has the gift of song.

A well constructed brick house will outlast one built of granite.

In the Homeric age kings prepared their dinners with their own hands.

It is nine hundred years since the fork made its appearance in Europe.

The Paris Academy of Sciences has a standing prize of $20,000 for the discovery of a remedy for cholera.

The Chinese have devoted themselves for nearly four thousand years to the artificial propagation of fish, shell fish, fowls, pearls, and sponges.

Two miles from Milan is the most remarkable echo in the world. It is at the castle of Simonetta, and repeats the shot of a pistol sixty times.

Large numbers of flint-lock guns six feet long are made in Birmingham at two dollars each, and many of these weapons find a ready market in Darkest Africa.

The game of golf is said to have been invented in ancient times by a lonely shepherd who had nothing better to do than to knock round stones into a rabbit hole with his crook.

Japanese houses in the larger cities are of one general shape, two stories high, and put together with a curious method of mortising, not one nail being used throughout the construction of the building.

Japan, or rather its warriors, have an original idea, and, like everything Japanese, it is pretty. The officers who took part in the China war have petitioned the Government to erect a monument to the memory of the horses that fell during the war.

In the West Indies a lemon bath is almost a daily luxury. Three or four limes or lemons are sliced into the water and allowed to remain for half an hour, in order that the juice may be extracted. A remarkable sense of freshness and cleanliness is given to the skin.

Vine growers in Southern France sometimes grow black and white grapes on the same vine. The plan is to take a branch from a vine which produces black grapes, and one from a vine which grows white grapes. The two ends are then tightly pressed together, bound, and planted.

In some German towns, when a man is convicted of beating his wife, he is allowed to go to his work as usual, but his wife gets his wages, and he is locked up only on Saturday nights, and remains in prison until the following Monday. The punishment usually lasts over a period of ten weeks.

For a joke a Bath (Me.) grocer sent word to a business competitor that the master of a government vessel, who had come to town, wanted to see him. The recipient of the message called on the captain, and, to the surprise not less of himself than a joker, came away with a $200 order for goods.

Strikes are almost unknown in Turkey. Only two have occurred. One was of dockyard laborers in the Government employ for arrears of pay, and the other was of cigarette makers in Government factories for the exclusion of women. The dockmen got their money and the women were turned out.

A unique method was adopted by the members of a colored church in South Georgia the other day to raise funds. They had a ginger cake eating contest, having two cakes eighteen inches long, and the person eating his cake in the shortest time was declared the winner. An admission fee was charged, resulting in a good sum.

One of the curiosities of an English residence of nobility is a weeping willow made of copper, and so dexteriously fashioned that at a distance it resembles a real tree. It is actuelly a shower bath, for, by pressing a secret trap, a tiny spray of water can be made to burst forth from every branch and twig, to the discomfort of any who may be under it.

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The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

A SECRET.

BY E. J. P.

I have no thoughts that jingle into rhyme,
Nor any words that musically chime;
Then, O my sweet, how can I tell to thee
In language fit, with phrase of melody,
The secret rare that trembles on my tongue?
It should be murmured 'neath the pallid moon,
Or poured in gush of strongest, sweetest song:
Fair flowers should give it forth with fragrant breath;
The very grass your passing feet beneath
Should for my soul's pure joy glad utterance find,
And love-birds coo its sweetness to the wind:
All nature's voices I would call to me.
Whisper it, streamlet: roar it out, O sea—
"I love my love, and dream that she loves me!"

THE WEARING OF LIVERY.

Possibly, the earliest mention of wearing of "liveries," by servants in their modern sense made in history is in the reign of King Pepin of France. This king flourished about the year 750 A. D., and because of his diminutive size, he had bestowed upon him the rather disrespectful appellation of "Pepin the Short."

It would appear that certain of the French courtiers were so ill-mannered, as well as as ill-advised, as to make the monarch's deficiency in inches the subject of ill-natured ridicule. This unbecoming conduct having become known to the king, His Majesty resolved to put an end to such derision af his person by performing some feat which would prove, once and for all, that if deficient in stature, he was not so in manliness. In pursuance of this design, therefore, on the occasion of a public combat between a lion and a bull, when the former animal had succeeded, after a terrible struggle, in pulling the bull to the ground, King Pepin, turning towards those of his nobility who were present, said:

"Which one of you will dare to enter the arena now, and part the combatants, or kill them?"

A dead silence and very perturbed looks were the only reply.

"Then here is the man who will dare it," shouted the little king, springing, as he spoke, into the arena.

With drawn blade he rushed upon the lion and stabbed the fierce brute to the heart, ere it could withdraw its fangs from the neck of the bull in which they were imbedded. Then with one mighty stroke the intrepid monarch almost severed the bull's head from its body. The whole vast audience sat silent and amazed at so unlooked for an exhibition of courage, dexterity and strength combined.

Turning towards his courtiers, the king merely said, in a very quiet tone:

"You should have remembered, that although David was little of stature, yet he laid the insolent giant who defied Israel."

A less dangerous form of amusement to which King Pepin was partial, was what were termed plenary courts. These were assemblies at which, upon the king's invitation, all the lords and courtiers of France were expected to be present. They were held twice in each year—at Christmas and Easter—and generally lasted for about a week at each time. Sometimes these gatherings took place at the king's palace; sometimes in the neighborhood of one of the larger French cities, and sometimes in some rural district.

In the last named case, care was taken to fix the place of meeting within reasonable distance of one or other of the larger towns, so that those attending the assemblies might find in these towns the needful accommodation for themselves and their attendants. The proceedings always opened with a solemn celebration of the Mass, and ere the service began, the officiating priest was wont, solemnly, to place the Royal crown upon the King's head.

While the festival lasted, the king took all his meals in public: bishops and dukes alone being privileged to sit at the Royal table. A second table was provided for abbots, counts, and other leading men, and at both tables there was shown more profusion than delicacy, both in the quality of the meats and drinks. and the manner in which they were served.

Flutes, hautboys, and other musical instruments were played before the bearers of each course, as it was removed from the tables. When dessert was served, twenty heralds, each holding aloft a jeweled goblet, shouted, thrice: "Largesse! largesse from the most potent of kings!" As they shouted, they scattered among the crowd handfuls of gold and silver coins. Then the trumpets were blown, while the better-class spectators shouted, and the meaner sort scrambled, and often fought vigorously for the money scattered by the heralds.

Stage-plays, pantomimes, rope-dancing, and the performances of professional buffoons and jugglers constituted the subsequent diversions. Trained dogs, bears and monkeys were also exhibited, and put through their various performances, the whole of these costly shows being provided at the expense of the King. The height of magnificence and extravagance in the matter of these exhibitions was reached in the reign of Charles the Great, when nobles from all parts of the kingdom attended; many of them rivaling the monarch himself in the prodigality of their expenditure.

Charles VII. of France put a final stop to the plenary courts, alleging that the expense attendant upon his wars made it impossible for him to continue them. One of the severest causes of expense, it was explained, arose from the fact that, beginning in King Pepin's time, etiquette and custom alike demanded that the king should, upon these occasions, give an entire suit of new and gorgeous clothing, not only to his own servants and retainers, but also to those of the Queen and all the princes of the blood royal. These garments were said to be "livres," that is, "delivered" at the king's expense; and from this word the word "livery" was derived, as was the custom of providing servants with "livery," from the abovementioned practice of certain of the French kings.

THE silent example of honorable parents is immeasurably greater than that of any school, while their opportunities for individual instruction, aided by their natural affection and desire for the child's welfare, are incomparably more numerous and favorable. The parent is, or ought to be, in close personal relations with the child, such as no teacher can possibly maintain; his authority and stimulus are constant, while those of the teacher are limited, and the final appeal will always be made to him.

Grains of Gold.

Character is made up of small deeds faithfully performed, of self-denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty.

Each of us bears within himself a world unknown to his fellow beings, and each may relate of himself a history, resembling that of every one, yet like that of no one.

Argument is legitimate and sometimes beneficial; but it is worse than wasting time and tongue, head and heart, on foolish and unlearned questions that only engender strife.

There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.

The difference between those whom the world esteems as good and those whom it condemns as bad, is in many cases that the former have been better sheltered from temptation.

Femininities.

Many drooping flowers will freshen wonderfully if the tips of the stems are trimmed off and the ends are then held in hot water for a few moments.

The Queen of England has never entirely given up wearing earrings, and occasionally dons a pair of some considerable length and magnificent lustre.

A French lady no longer as young as she once was, but quite as witty as ever, was observed to sigh as she looked into a mirror. "Why do you sigh?" a friend asked. "Oh, dear," she answered, "I was noticing how the looking-glasses have changed!"

The Arab's ideal of a beautiful woman is as follows: Her hair, eyebrows, lashes, and pupils must be black; skin, teeth, and globe of the eye, white; head, neck, ankles, arms and waist, round; back, fingers, arms, and limbs, long; forehead, eyes, and lips, large; eyebrows, nose, and feet, narrow; ears, bust, and hands, small.

Among the Turks bath-money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. If it be withheld, she has only to go before the Cadi and turn her slipper upside down. If the complaint be not then redressed, it is a sufficient ground for divorce.

When mistress and maid disagree, it is not always, we know, the maid's fault. "If mistresses," says a leading tradesman in the West End of London, "were obliged to produce characters to servants as servants have to produce them to mistresses, many of the ladies would have to do their own work, for no amount of money would get them a servant."

It is far more important to brush the teeth before going to bed than it is on rising. People who are endowed with the fragile beauty of pearly teeth should be careful not to drink very hot liquids. An excellent means of preserving the teeth from decay is to pass a silk thread between them daily. If this be made a practice, it will very soon become as indispensable an item in the toilet as the morning bath.

An American naval officer says that once, before the Fall of the Second Empire, when a great function took place in the harbor of Cherbourg, several vessels of the U. S. Atlantic squadron were present, and were drawn up in line to salute the Empress' yacht as it passed. The French sailors manned the yards of their ships, and shouted, "Vive l'Imperatrice!" Knowing that he could not school his men to repeat those words in the brief time left to him, the American admiral ordered his crews to cry, "Beef, lemons, and cheese!" The Imperial yacht came sweeping on, and, as it reached the fleet, a mighty roar went up, "Beef, lemons, and cheese!" that entirely drowned the voices of the Frenchmen. And the Empress said she had never been so complimented.

Masculinities.

It is not so hard to be wrong as it is to know that the other man is right.

A.: "And don't you think married love is true love?" B.: "It must be. Its course never does run smooth."

A hypocritical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over his door, "Let nothing evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under it, "How does the owner get in?"

County Attorney Miller, of Wyandotte, Kan., recently delivered an address to the convicts, in which he started out by saying, "I am glad to see you all here to-day."

Jones was one day told by a silly fellow that he was "no gentleman." "Think so," quoth Jones, "are you one?" "Yes, sir." "Oh," said Jones, "then I am certain I am not."

"This is the last time I shall bring this bill!" cried the enraged collector. "Thanks," replied the impecunious debtor, "you are so much more considerate than the other fellow; for he said he was going to come again."

"There is no occasion for you to envy me," said the prosperous person. "I have as many trouble as you." "I allow you do, mister," admitted the dismal wayfarer, "but the difficulty with me is that I ain't got nothing else."

What Yankee would have lived in Sparta? "If, in Sparta, a young man purchased an estate upon advantageous terms, or made what is termed a 'A Good Bargain,' he was rendered accountable to the state, and fined for being unjust, in buying a thing under its value!"

The other day a Bangor, Me., man drove out into the country to look for deer. He tied his horses to a tree in the woods, and, rifle in hand, sallied into the forest, where he circled about for an hour. Then, after firing at what he thought was a bull moose, he came up to find that he had killed his horse.

Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, during all the turmoil and disorder in the Turkish Empire, now holds the essentially Oriental position of "sealer" in the kitchen of the Sultan. His duty is to taste all the dishes for his master's table immediately after they are prepared. When they are carried into the royal dining-room, the seals are broken in Abdul Hamid's presence.

Some curious stories are told of the ways of Russian jurymen. Thus, the foreman of one jury declared that he would not send a poor fellow to prison because it happened to be his (the juryman's) birthday. Another jury had agreed upon a verdict of guilty when the church bells began to ring. Thereupon they revised their verdict because a holiday had begun. A burglar was allowed to go free because the man whom he had robbed had refused to lend him money. This, in the opinion of the jury, was a direct incentive to crime.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Among gowns lately seen one dress was of purple woollen poplin; the foot of skirt trimmed with a band of skunk, above which was a band of black ribbon velvet, and a narrow braiding pattern; the jacket was made with a long plain basque; the front of bodice was of black velvet, edged with skunk, which was continued to the edge of the basque; beyond the fur was a row of passementerie of silk and iridescent beads; the collar and cuffs were also of fur. Hat of purple velvet, trimmed with a gray seagull.

Now that the bolero and Eton jackets are so fashionable, pretty vests are a necessity, therefore new styles for making them will be appreciated. The first of two lately made was tight fitting; the lining of white sateen is made to button up the back; the front is covered with pale green broche, opening down the centre to show a frilling of white silk muslin gathered across at intervals with a half-inch tuck standing out at each gather.

The folded collar-band is of green ribbon arranged in four loops at the back. The second vest was of cream washing silk; the lower part is gathered into a pointed band stitched at each edge; the upper part simulated a yoke composed of folds of silk separated by bands of lace insertion; a kilting of silk edged with lace fell from the lower band; a similar kilting finished the neck.

In a pretty evening dress pale yellow bengaline is the material; the skirt is trimmed up the left side with a band of gold embroidery, edged each side with a waterfall of white lace; the bodice is tight fitting, trimmed with diagonal lines of gold embroidery on the right side; on the left side it is trimmed to match the skirt, the lace being continued round the edge to form a berthe; the bows on the shoulders, and the waistband, are of mauve ribbon, ornamented with gold buckles. A white feather is worn in the hair.

Another evening dress is charming for a young lady. The skirt is a foundation of white silk, covered with white chiffon, trimmed round the foot with three superposed accordion-pleated flounces, the upper one raised at regular intervals to meet trails of forget-me-nots coming from the waist; the full bodice of chiffon is trimmed with two scarves of pale green silk, drawn through gold buckles at the left side; the edge of bodice and puffed sleeves are trimmed with forget-me-nots.

In a neat walking dress the material was of Palatine purple fine woollen poplin; the skirt was trimmed up each side the front with a braiding pattern worked with fine black braid; the tight-fitting bodice was braided all over and draped across the front with folded silk, which continued to waist, where it terminated under a waistband of black ribbon velvet; the tight sleeves were braided to above the elbow, the upper part of sleeves being finished with a drapery of silk. Black velvet hat trimmed with ruche of purple silk and a cluster of tips.

An exceptionally taking walking dress was in a pretty shade of tea-leaf green, trimmed round the foot of skirt with rows of ribbon velvet of a darker shade crossing each other, the perpendicular rows being finished at the top by a loop. The jacket is one of the newest shapes, cut with a long basque; the bodice is trimmed at the top with ribbon velvet like that on the skirt, and with frills of velvet over the shoulders; the sleeves are of velvet. Muff composed of puffings of the same material as the dress and of velvet; dark red velvet hat, trimmed with black velvet and black wings; a puffing of velvet vests on the hair in front.

Elegance is expected to come out in the dinner dress. It certainly did so in the following: Skirt of petunia silk embroidered richly with silk, iridescent beads, and paillettes; the bodice, one of the newest style, made with a short basque; the low full bodice of white silk striped with petunia; open in front over a high-necked under-bodice of white chiffon, across which it fastened by straps of narrow ribbon velvet; the basque of silk edged with pale petunia gauze ribbon quillings; the top of the bodice edged with a frill, below which were two rows of ribbon velvet; the sleeves of white silk, the epaulettes being edged with a ribbon ruche; waistband of silver and amethysts.

White satin is, and will remain, the material preferred for bridal dresses. A great many attempts have been made lately to introduce new fabrics for that purpose, under pretext that satin has been too long in favor, and it is high time to change. Happily this is a reason which is now less powerful than formerly, and we are less apt to change merely for the sake of novelty that which is really beautiful and becoming. White velvet, damask, and brocade in large patterns are handsome in themselves, but scarcely suitable to a bride unless she is past thirty. Bengaline and sicilienne are not thick and soft enough to form handsome folds in the train, and moire or faille are of a dead white which is trying even to the fairest complexions. Satin alone possesses all the qualities required; its mellow tints, full soft texture and lovely sheen, render it the most altogether becoming white material yet invented.

The dress of a recent bride was of white satin, extremely simple. Its chief beauty was the train, three yards long, rounded and falling in soft full folds. The front of the dress quite plain, as well as the tight-fitting bodice. A peaked belt was formed of narrow bias bands of satin. By way of trimming a tulle scarf, in which were mingled sprays of orange blossoms, and which, commencing at the neck, comes sloping down to the waist, and thence on the left side to the foot of the skirt. This cloud-like scarf is fastened down here and there with large fluffy bows of the same tulle.

The veil of tulle illusion is put on so as to come only half way down the bust in front, and to the foot of the train at the back. It is not put on plain over the head, it is puffed up and fastened with pearl-headed pins, so as to form a light cloud-like aigrette above the coiffure. A very light diadem of orange blossoms is placed just in front of the aigrette.

The symbolic blossoms are not now lavished upon bridal dresses as they were formerly. A few light sprays nestling in the tulle or lace folds of the trimming is all that is considered in good taste, and even the diadem is often exchanged for a few detached sprigs fastened in the coiffure.

The bride's mother wore a splendid toilet of pale lavender-blue moire antique, the whole front of which was embroidered with steel and mother-of pearl. coiffure.

The bodice and train were covered with old English point.

Her married sister's dress was of ocean-green faille. It was cut Princess fashion, with rounded train. The bodice opened with point lace facings, over a finely pleated chemisette of white chiffon over ivory satin. The sleeves had small bouffants at the shoulders, and were trimmed about the waists with point lace.

As for the bridesmaids' dresses, they were of glace silk, printed in a small floral pattern. Round skirt. Bodice of pleated chiffon over straw-colored silk, fitted round the waist with a corselet of straw-colored satin. High collar, trimmed with guipure lace and tiny bolero of the same over the bodice. Sleeves of the glace silk, gathered on the inside all the way down and finished with epaulettes and ruffles of guipure lace. White felt hat, lined with black velvet, and trimmed with clustering black feathers.

As carriage wraps, the bridesmaids wore collets of white cloth, edged with a full white feather border, and entirely lined with white fur.

Odds and Ends.

USEFUL HINTS ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

To Make Oatmeal Dumpling take half a pound of oatmeal, six ounces of suet, one onion, one teaspoonful of salt, pepper, half a teaspoonful of allspice. Toast the oatmeal till quite crisp, chop the suet, boil the onion and chop it; mix all together either with an egg or a little milk to moisten it; put it into a cloth, and boil like a dumpling for two hours.

Bread and Butter Fritters.—Make a batter of sweet milk, eggs and flour just as if for muffins. Cut some slices of bread rather thin, and yet so thick that there is no danger of their crumbling. Spread them with butter and half of them with jam.

Put the plain half over the other, then cut them in squares or round pieces. Dip them into the batter and fry them in hot lard. Drain them well, and while they are still hot, sift powdered sugar over them.

Apple Batter Pudding.—Pare and core six apples, and place them closely together in a buttered dish. Sift over them half a cupful of sugar, adding a cupful of water, cover and bake until tender. Remove, and when partly cool, pour over them a batter made of five large tablespoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted together. Into this mixture stir one tablespoonful of melted butter and a pint of milk, afterwards adding three well-beaten eggs. Pour the mixture over the apples, return to the oven and bake quickly. Serve with a liquid sauce.

An Apple Salad is delicious with roast pork or goose, only for this purpose the apples must be very ripe and rather juicy. Pare them, remove the cores and pips, and slice them very thinly into a salad bowl. Sprinkle with a little salt, a spoonful of castor sugar, a pinch of cayenne pepper, then pour on one dessertspoonful of chili vinegar, and two or three of finest Lucca oil. Toss very lightly, and do not let it have to wait long before serving, as the color spoils readily.

Apple Beignets; the genuinely true fritter. Choose large fine apples, remove the cores without breaking them, then pare the rind off. Make a batter with the whisked whites of two eggs, a teaspoonful of castor sugar, two large tablespoonfuls of flower and enough salad oil to make a batter of the consistency of thick cream. Dip each round of apple into this, then drop at once into a saucepan containing boiling lard; let them boil until crisp and brown; drain and sprinkle liberally with sugar.

Apples en Croustades.—Pare, core and slice a couple of pounds of goop cooking apples, stew them until they can be beaten to a froth with a fork. Do this, then sweeten sufficiently with sugar, add a pinch of spice and a little butter. Cut some rounds from a stale roll about an inch thick.

Scoop out a part of the middle, but leave a thin bottom. Fry these croustades in lard until they are a pale brown; fill them with the frothed apple and pile on the top the whisked whites of one or two eggs, with sugar to sweeten. Allow one croustade to each person.

Apple Fool.—Pare, core and stew (without water) several tart apples. Sweeten well and beat the pulp until perfectly light. When cold whisk it with an equal quantity of thick custard or sweetened cream, and pour into a glass dish. Serve with sponge rusks.

Friar's Omelette.—Make a pulp of several cooked apples, sweeten it with sugar, and when cold add to it two well-beaten eggs. Butter a shallow tart dish, strew it thickly with bread-crumbs, pour in the apple pulp and cover with more crumbs to the depth of an inch. Pour a little dissolved water over the top, and bake in the oven for upwards of an hour. When cold turn it out on to a dish and sift sugar over.

Here is a hint that is worth noting with regard to apples, and that is, when baking apples in the oven, after scooping out a little at the top, to make an incision with a sharp knife all around, through the skin.

Place a morsel of butter in the hollow at the top of each apple and a clove, if the flavor is liked. When baked the apples will have risen up, appearing twice as large as at first, while the cutting of skin prevents the inside from boiling out.

Custards, etc.—In making custards and custard pies, heat the milk to the scalding point before adding it to the beaten eggs and sugar; bake at once in a hot oven. The time required for baking them will thus be reduced one-half.

Calf's Liver Larded.—Carefully lard the liver by passing strips of larding pork along the surface of the liver—the rows must be inserted regularly until the surface is covered. Lay the liver in a pan, with some chopped onions, carrots, some salt pork sliced, salt and pepper, a faggot of sweet herbs, and two or three cloves. Some gravy or good stock should be poured over it, and the whole cooked in a moderate oven for about an hour, until thoroughly done. Then take out the liver, and put it upon a dish. Have ready some good gravy, and stir it among the vegetables, dredging in a little flour, and heat over the fire; then pour the whole over the liver.

Hints.—When boiling rice, add a little lemon-juice or vinegar to the water to help to separate the grains. Do not serve potatoes at table in a covered dish. They will re-absorb their own moisture, and become sodden.

Coffee Jelly.—Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water. Put three quarters of a cupful of sugar and one cupful of water over the fire in a saucepan, and stir until it boils and the sugar is entirely melted. Pour it over the gelatine, and stir until it is dissolved. Add one and a half cupful of strong clear coffee, and strain. Stir in one teaspoonful of vanilla and turn into a wetted mould. Serve with cream or custard.

Potato Cakes—German Fashion.—Potato-cakes in the style of German pancakes are a capital dish. Peel and rub about a soup-plateful of raw potatoes, drain the water off and press it out; add a cupful of boiling milk, and mix all together thoroughly with two tablespoonfuls of flour and two or three well beaten eggs. Fry in boiling fat, like small pancakes. The cakes must be brown and crisp; they are eaten with meat, with jam, or alone.

Liver and Bacon.—Liver and bacon is a familiar dish, and it can be varied, says a contemporary, by serving it in this style:—Cut the necessary number of slices, allowing two slices of the former to one of the latter; rub the liver well with a mixture of salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Make sandwiches, as it were, with the bacon, tie a piece of very thin buttered paper round each of these, and grill well on both sides. A little olive oil should be sprinkled over all the slices of liver. Meanwhile have ready some very finely-chopped parsley and onions, stew it in a little butter, remove the paper from the liver, dish it up and sprinkle with the chopped mixture. Serve as it is or with brown gravy.

Fish Soup.—One and a half pounds of fresh fish, one onion, one small carrot, a bit of turnip, some parsley and a little thyme. Have the fish nice and clean, put them on with ten breakfastcupfuls of boiling water, add all the other things cut up in small pieces; let all boil one hour at least; strain and put back in a clean pot with one tablespoonful of cornmeal, one dessertspoonful of butter, a little chopped parsley, one teacupful of milk, pepper and salt, boil five minutes; stirring all the time.

Epigrammes of Lamb.—Saw off the breast from a neck of lamb, and cook it gently in stock till the bones will come out easily, and then remove them and press the meat between two plates till cold.

When cold cut off any superfluous fat, cut the meat into cutlet shapes, egg and breadcrumb them twice. Cut the neck into neat cutlets, egg and breadcrumb also. Fry the neck cutlets in clarified butter, in a pan, and fry the breast-cutlets in deep hot fat. Dish the cutlets alternately round a centre of mashed potatoes and pour some good brown sauce round the base.

At School.—School-examinations and composition-writing produce funny results the world over. An Austrian teacher has recently published in Vienna a book called Humor in the School, which is made up of instances of blunders collected in the Austrian schools. The mind of the Austrian public-school pupil, judging from the instances contained in this book, is of a peculiarly limpid and artless character. In an examination in history a pupil was asked, "How many coalition wars can you name?"

"Four," he answered.

"Name them."

"The first, the second, the third and the fourth."

A young lady who was required to write a description of a ship ended with the sentence—"From all these particulars we arrive at the conclusion that the ship may justly be called the camel of the sea."

A student of natural history, treating of the hibernation of animals, said that "the marmot sleeps so soundly in the winter that he does not even awaken if he is struck dead."

The author of an essay on the "uses of animals," asserted that "the horse is serviceable to man by his swiftness. How many brave soldiers owe their lives to the swiftness with which their horses have carried them away from battle-fields."

A boy who was asked in an examination, "What is a cynic?" answered. A philosopher who lives a dog life." None of these answers are more remarkable propably than that made by a schoolboy in France. "What are marsupials?" asked the teacher.

"Animals which have pouches in their stomachs," said the boy.

"Correct. And what do they have pouches for?"

"To crawl into and conceal themselves when pursued."